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74

CHARACTERS.

CHARACTERS

IMITATIONS

OF THE

CHARACTERS

OF

THEOPHRASTUS.

Αγεσιν αὐλοῦ υπολαβεσθαι αἱ Ἀρεῖαι, καὶ δεικνυσθαι αὐτῷ
[τῆς ἀνθρώπου] ὡς κακῶς καὶ ἀθλιῶς ζῶσι, καὶ
ἀγούλαι καὶ ἀκεκράτημενοι, ὥσπερ ὑπὸ τῶν πολεμίων· οἱ
μὲν ὑπ' Ἀλαζονείας, οἱ δὲ ὑπὸ Φιλάργυριας, οἱ δὲ ὑπὸ
Κενοδοξίας, ἑτέροι δὲ ὑφ' ἐλεῶν κακῶν.

Ceb. Tab.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXIV.

IMITATION

CHARACTER

STYLUS





L I F E
O F
THEOPHRASTUS.

THEOPHRASTUS was the son of Melan-
tas, (a) a fuller of Erefus, or Ereffus,
a city of Lesbos, as Strabo, (b) Stepha-
nus Byzantius, (c) and Aulus Gellius, (d)
plainly assert. He studied first, says Laertius,
under Leucippus (e) his countryman, and
a after-

(a) Diogenes Laertius, in Theoph. Some say of
Leon. Suidas.

(b) Art. Lesbos.

(c) Ad verb. Ερεσος.

(d) Lib. xiii. c. 5.

(e) Aldobrandinus (in Laert.) not finding a Leucip-
pus

afterwards successively under Plato and Aristotle; of the last of whom he was the favourite, and by far the most eminent scholar. (a) Charmed with the eloquence and genius of our author, this great master changed his name, from Tyrtaeus, first into Euphrastus, or *the fine speaker*; and afterwards into Theophrastus, or *the divine speaker*. (b) Aristotle left his daughter, by will, to Nicanor, the

pus of Lesbos, makes our author a native of Eretrius, in Bœotia; but this is totally unsupported: besides, the Florentine M.S. and some others read Alcippus, and the Palatine copy Lacippus. Ladvocat had fallen into this error; but it is corrected in his last edition. It is remarkable, that Plutarch de Exilio (edit. Fran.) makes him of Ephesus, ἐξ Εφεσῶν, a slight typographical error, but copied by Epiphanius, lib. iii. advers. Hæret. tom. ii. §. 9.

(a) Ἀπαύλας γὰρ λόγιος ἐποίησε τῆς μαθητῆς Ἀριστοτέλους, λογιώτατον δὲ πάντων Θεοφράστου. Strabo ut sup. Laert. says the same, and Steph. Byz. ut sup. calls him Ἀριστοτέλους γνώριμος καὶ διαδοχὸς ἐπιφανέστατος.

(b) Strabo, Suidas, Diog. Laert. &c. This is remarked also, Cic. de Orat. Plin. in Præf. Operis, and John Tzetzes, Chil. ix. cap. 296: and Seneca allows him a sweet and unlaboured elegance of style, though he denies him that divine energy which the Greeks, he says, attributed to him. Quæst. Natur. lib. vi.

the son of Proxenus, his greatest benefactor; and, in failure of that connection, to Theophrastus, whom he constituted guardian of his children, &c. (a) Menedemus, (b) of Rhodes, was his only rival in his master's esteem; so that, when Aristotle was requested by his scholars to appoint a successor, he called for Rhodian and Lesbian wines, and, after tasting them, declared, that "They were both good, but the Lesbian was most delicious." In consequence of this elegant appointment, our author succeeded to the Lyceum, upon his master's retiring to Calchis, in Olymp. CXIV. 3, (c) before Christ CCCXXII.

In this celebrated school he presided, with the highest reputation, between thirty and forty years, for it is most likely that he died Olymp. CXXIII. 3, that being the year in which Strato succeeded, immediately, as it

a 2

seems,

(a) Laert.

(b) Or, as Patricius reads, *Eudemus*.—Aulus Gellius ut sup.

(c) Laert. in Arist. & Theoph.

seems, upon our author's death. (a) He died at the age, according to Laertius, of eighty-five ; which will fix his birth at Olymp. CII. 2.

Various indeed are the opinions respecting our author's age. He says expressly in his Proem, (b) that he was then ninety-nine years old : and this reading, which is in all the copies, seems to have prevailed in the twelfth century ; for John Tzetzes (c) says the same thing : besides, St. Jerom (d) asserts, that he lived to an hundred and seven. To all which it may be answered, that the works of Laertius are come down to us much more correct than those of our author ; and that neither Cicero, (e) nor Lucian, (f) nor Censorinus, (g) nor Valerius Maximus, (h) have mentioned him among their memorable old Men. But what puts the matter out of all doubt, is the observation of

(a) Laert. in Strat. and Gally's Essay on Charact. Writing, sect. 3 prefixed to his Theoph.

(b) See below Pref. ad fin.

(c) Θεοφραστος συνεγραψε παλιν της Χαρχηνης
Ετων υπαρχων εκατον παρεξ ενος και μονα.

Tzetzes ut sup.

(d) Ep. 11. ad Nepotianum, corrected by Casaub.

(e) De Sen.

(f) Μακροβιοι.

(g) De die natali Cup. 5.

(h) Lib. viii. cap. 13. De Senect. memor.

of Dr. Gally, (*a*) that this would make him older than his master Aristotle, who was born Olymp. XCIX. 1. (*b*) Suidas says he was worn out by the fatigue of writing, though (strange as it may seem) his death was more immediately occasioned by a few days relaxation, owing to the marriage of a pupil. (*c*) He was archon of Athens (according to Dion. Halic. and Diod. Sic.) Olymp. CX. 1. and CXVI. 4.

Being asked by his disciples, Whether he had any thing to leave in charge? he answered, “ Nothing; but that life is deceitful, and the hopes it holds forth of honour
“ but a vain ostentation; that as soon as we
“ begin to live, we die; and, in consequence,
“ nothing is more empty than the love of
“ fame: but be ye happy,” said he, “ in
a 3 “ your-

(*a*) Ut sup.

(*b*) Laert. in Arist.

(*c*) Laertius produces the following lines upon this subject.

Οὐκ ἀρὰ τὸ μαλαίον ἐπὸς μεροπῶν τινὶ λελχθῆ,
Πηγνυσθαι σοφίης τόξον ἀνιεμένου.

Δὴ γὰρ καὶ Θεοφραστος εἰς ἐπὶ μὲν, ἀπὸ τοῦ
Ἡν δὲ μᾶς, εἰ’ ἀνέθεις κατὰ πηρομελῆς.

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 Ἡ δὲ μάλα, εἰ' ἀνέθεις κατὰ πηρομένης.

“ yourselves, and either give up the pursuit
 “ of wisdom, for the labour is great, or
 “ apply yourselves with vigour, for the
 “ honour is no less considerable: there is
 “ indeed much more of vanity than profit
 “ in our present being; I shall not, how-
 “ ever, counsel you any further, but leave
 “ you to consider what is properest to be
 “ done.” With these words he died, lamented
 by all Greece, and followed by all the Athe-
 nians on foot to his grave, in token of the
 most profound respect. (a)

His complaint of the shortness of life in
 the above reflections (however it might of-
 fend the more exact moralists; such as Se-
 neca (b) among the ancients, bishop Taylor
 among

(a) Laert.

(b) His words are: *Inde Aristoteli cum rerum na-
 tura exigenti, minime conveniens sapienti viro lis est,
 illam animalibus tantum indulgisse, ut quina aut dena
 secula edurent, homini, in tam multa ac magna ge-
 nito, tanto citiorem terminum stare. Non exiguum
 temporis habemus sed multum perdimus, &c. De brev.
 Vit. statim initio. Here, by an easy mistake, the
 Master is put for the Scholar, as appears from Aristotle's
 entertaining (however strangely) quite the contrary opi-
 nion. “ Man,” says he, “ lives longest, next to the
 “ elephant.”*

(*a*) among the moderns, &c.) was prompted, as we are assured by Cicero (*b*) and St. Jerom, (*c*) by a thirst after knowledge, and a genuine zeal for the culture and improvement of Science. He is said to have composed upwards of two hundred and twenty different tracts, (*d*) of which only sixteen remain at present, (*e*) and read lectures to above two thousand scholars, (*f*) among whom were his successor

“elephant.” *πάντων γὰρ Ἀνθρώπος πλείω ζῆ χρόνον (πλην Ἐλεφάντος) ὅσον αξιοπιστὸν ἐχομεν τὴν πείραν—περὶ Ζῶων Γενεσ. Lib. iv. cap. 10.*

(*a*) Contemp. on State of Man, lib. i. c. 5.

(*b*) Theophrastus autem moriens accusasse naturam dicitur; quod cervis & cornicibus vitam diuturnam quorum id nihil interesset; hominibus, quorum maxime interfuisset, tam exiguum vitam dedisset; quorum si ætas potuisset esse longinquior, futurum fuisse, ut, omnibus perfectis artibus, omni doctrinâ hominum vita erudiretur: querebatur igitur se tum, cum ille videre cœpisset, extingui. *Tusc. Disp. lib. iii. sect. 28.*

(*c*) Cum se mori cerneret, dixisse fertur, se dolere, quod tunc egrederetur e vitâ, quando sapere cœpisset. *St. Jerom ut sup.*

(*d*) *Laert.—Duport in Præf. ad Prælect. in Theoph.*

(*e*) *Fabricius Biblioth. Græc. lib. iii. cap. 9.*

(*f*) *Not 4470, as the critics have supposed Suidas to mean.*

successor Strato, Demetrius Phalareus, Menander the poet, and, as some say, (a) Erasistratus the physician of king Seleucus.

Several adages are preserved of him by Laertius, Stobæus, &c. as, that Time is the most precious of all things—that Speech without judgment, is like a horse without a bridle; and to a very silent man he said, If you are ignorant, you do wisely; if wise, you act like a fool. He said, Beauty is a silent fraud, (b)—A designing and malicious falsehood can prevail but a short time. (c)—Reverence yourself, and you need
not

mean.—See that very incorrect author, corrected by Kuster.

(a) Brucker's Instit. Hist. Philosoph. in Theoph.

(b) I am tempted to observe, that Stanley, in his History of Philosophy, among the Apophthegms of Arist. tells us, very curiously, that Aristotle called Theophrastus, a silent fraud; Socrates, a short-lived tyranny; Plato, Nature's prerogative; and Carneades, a guardless kingdom; whereas, in truth, all these philosophers called *Beauty* by these several names. See the original passage in Laert. Vit. Arist.

(c) Stobæus Edit. Fab. Aurel. Allob. Sermo 12, p. 140.

not be ashamed before others. (a)—The good need few laws, for actions were not made for laws, but laws for actions. (b)—The bad rejoice more in others evils than their own good. (c) The envious are more miserable than others, because while these grieve only for their own misfortunes, the envious repine likewise at the good fortunes of others. (d) Being asked what supported human life, he said, Beneficence, honour, and punishment. (e) It is hard to presage of youth, for youth is eccentric and easily borne away. (f)—Love is the excess of a trifling passion, easy to fall into, but hard to be got rid of. (g)—Desire doubled becomes love, and love doubled becomes madness. (h)—Being asked what love was, he said, the passion of an idle mind. (i)

to

(a) Id. Serm. 31. pag. 212.

(b) Id. Serm. 37. pag. 228.

(c) Id. Serm. 38. pag. 224.

(d) Ibid.

(e) Id. Serm. 41. pag. 246.

(f) Al. Theopanis Id. Serm. 50. pag. 358.

(g) Id. Serm. 61. pag. 402.

(h) Ibid.

(i) Ibid.

A woman should neither be seen nor see any one in a rich dress, for both are incitements to dishonesty. (a)—Excessive love is in great danger of turning to hatred. (b)—Caution should precede the placing of affection, but never follow it. (c)—If all things belonging to friends should be in common, how much more friends themselves! (d)—Love is blind towards its object. (e)—Upon hearing the fate of his friend and fellow student, Callisthenes, who was put to death by Alexander the Great, he said, Alexander was a most prosperous man, but knew not how to use his prosperity. (f) There are a few more sayings of his, (g) which are scarcely capable

(a) Id. Serm. 72. pag. 441.

(b) Plut. in Catone Min.

(c) Id. de fraterno amore,

(d) Id. ib.

(e) Meursius in Theoph. from St. Jerom.

(f) Cic. Tusc. Disp. Lib. 3.

(g) Erasmus produces a few proverbs of our author from an old scholiast on Demosthenes, which seem to be of little or no consequence, except only that celebrated saying which is there attributed to him, Οὐκ ἐκ παντός

capable of being adequately translated. (a)

He was honoured, while living, by the intimate friendship of Ptolemy, (the first, as is supposed) of Cassander, and Demetrius Phalareus, and much respected by Alexander the Great. (b) Nor is it less to his honour, that after his death he was the peculiar delight of Cicero, (c) who scarce wrote a work without extolling him: at one time he entitled him his Friend, (d) at another time, the most elegant and learned of all the Philosophers. (e).

Epicurus

ξύλα Ερμης αν γενέσσο, It is impossible to make a silk purse of a sow's ear.

(a) See Plut. Sympof. Lib. v. Prob. 5. where he calls Barbers' shops, *αοινα συμποσια*, & ib. Lib. ii. Prob. 1. where I rather suspect that there is a very bad pun spoiled in the telling; for. instead of saying to a flat-nosed man, *Θαυμάζω σε τους οφθαλμούς ότι εκ αδουσι, τα μυκτηρος αυτοις ενδεδωκτος*, the last word ought possibly to have been, *ενδοσιμη*, which signifies, according to Hesychius, a *musical overture*, and also *flat or snubbed*.

(b) As Ælian seems to mean, Var. Hist. l. iv. c. 19.

(c) Τον δε Θεοφρασίου ειωθει ΤΡΥΦΗΝ ΙΔΙΑΝ αποκαλειν, Plut. in Cic.

(d) Lib. ii. Ep. 16. ad Atticum.

(e) Tusc. Disp. lib. v. §. 9.

Epicurus wrote against him ; and even Leontium, an ingenious woman, (*a*) mistress to Epicurus (*b*) (though some deny this) (*c*) had the audacity (*d*) to do the same.

Our author is celebrated as an orator, as well as a scholar : Aulus Gellius, in the title to a chapter which is lost, (*e*) calls him the most eloquent Philosopher of his time, and mentions his stopping short in the midst of an oration to the Athenians. The story here indeed is lost ; but Ælian (*f*) relates, that this circumstance happened to him before the Areopagus ; in excuse for which he alledged the awful dignity of that assembly ; when Demochares cried out, “ These judges, o Theophrastus, are Athenians, and not the “ twelve superior deities.” We are told too, that he was an excellent mimic, for he omitted no action in his school ; and when describing

(*a*) Cic. de Nat. Deor. lib. i. cap. 33.

(*b*) Laert. in Epic. & Athen. xiii. 6. p. 588.

(*c*) Gen. Dict. Art. EPICURUS.

(*d*) Plin. in præf.

(*e*) Lib. viii. cap. 9. edit. Lug. Bat.

(*f*) Var. Hist. lib. viii. cap. 12.

scribing a glutton, he would put out his tongue, and lick his lips. (a).

He was of a most lively and penetrating genius; so that Aristotle said of him and Callisthenes, what Plato had before said of himself and Xenocrates, that the one wanted a bridle, and the other a spur. He was also of a most benevolent disposition; and his character for religion was such, that one Agnonides could scarcely escape the vengeance of the people, for having dared to accuse him of impiety. (b)

Though his Attic elegance is so much admired, and he had lived all his time at Athens, (c) yet he was once chagrined by an old woman, who, while he was cheapening something, observing a particular tone in his voice, said, "Indeed, Mr. Stranger, you "can't buy it for less." (d).

He established and endowed a convivial meeting of the philosophers, not for levity or intemperance, but for sound and learned

con-

(a) Athen. lib. i. cap. 18. p. 21.

(b) Laert.

(c) Plut. de Exil. Cic. Tusc. Disp. Lib. v. Sect. 37.

(d) Cic. in Bruto.

conversation. (a) In Olymp. CXVIII. 4. however, one Socrates (very unworthy of that name) got a decree to shut up the schools and banish all the philosophers. But this man's arguments were soon afterwards confuted by Philo, a disciple of Aristotle, and he was fined five talents; upon which our author and the rest were recalled (b)

His elegance in dress, diet, &c. appears from what Metrocles the Cynic said of him, who was once his pupil, but left him on account of the expence required in these respects; all which he avoided by applying himself to Crates. (c) Hermippus relates, that he always appeared in his school in neat, and even splendid apparel. (d) But nothing can more clearly evince the idea the Athenians had of him in this respect, than an anecdote

(a) Athen. lib. v. sub init.

(b) Laert.

(c) Stobæus, p. 523. This Metrocles, says Laertius in his Life, burnt the lectures of our author, making a bad application of that line in Homer which Plato had before applied upon burning his juvenile poems.

ΗΦαιστ'ε, προμολ'ωδε, Θείης νυ τι σείο χαλίζει.

Ill. σ. 392.

(d) Athen. lib. i. cap. 18. p. 21.

anecdote of Crates the Cynic, who, being reproved by the magistrates for his slovenly and inelegant dress, (a) said he could shew them Theophrastus in a similar one, which they by no means crediting, he pointed out our author sitting to be trimmed in a barber's shop.

He was well skilled in natural philosophy, in botany, music, ethics, logic, mathematics, astronomy, &c. (b) as appears by the catalogue of his works in Laertius: and, to crown all, he was a warm and genuine patriot; for Plutarch informs us, that he twice freed his country from tyrants: (c) and
in

(a) The word in the original is σινδων, which seems by the context to convey this sense, though not countenanced by the Lexicons.—Laert. Vit. Crat.

(b) See his works in Laert. where the word is *Astronomy*, but the ancients understood by this what we do by *Astronomy*.

(c) Advers. Colotem. The word is τυραννισαμενον; and as Ammonius tells us (in Vit. Arist.) that Aristotle diverted the wrath of Alexander from Eresus, this was probably at the instigation of our author, and one of the instances alluded to in Plat. where the context rather countenances this supposition.

in his 26th Character^(a) he is severe upon the manners introduced by the oligarchy at Athens, though his patron Demetrius Phalareus was at the head of it, and it was established by his friend Cassander. Demetrius indeed was himself a favourer of liberty; and Cicero might have discovered in his free and liberal notions, as well as in his eloquence, *the Scholar of Theophrastus*. ^(b) We may apply therefore to our author that encomium which the merit of Cicero extorted even from Augustus Cæsar.—Λογιος, ω παι, λογιος, και φιλοπατρις—He was learned, my child; a learned man, and a lover of his country. ^(c)

(a) Περὶ Ολιγαρχίας.

(b) Cic. de Offic. sub init.

(c) Plut. in Cic. ad fin.



P R E F A C E.

CHARACTERISTIC Writing, says the learned Casaubon, (*a*) holds a middle place between Philosophy and Poetry: it resembles Philosophy in its subject matter, and Poetry in its dress, or mode of expression. Instead of saying, "Do this,"—"refrain from that," Characteristic Writing proceeds to paint the action, and therein implies the precept (*b*)—it conducts us to wisdom by a pleasanter at least, if not a shorter road. To this we must refer that of the great Critic:

"Respicere exemplar vitæ morumq; jubebo

"Doctum imitatore, & vivas hinc ducere voces."

b

Or

(*a*) Cas. Proleg. in Theoph. Char.

(*b*) Seneca Ep. 95. ad Lucil. p. 193. Paris edit.

Or rather, as more particularly applicable to our present work,

“ Hoc quidam non bellè : numquid ego illi
“ Imprudens olim faciam simile ?”

The invention of Characteristic Writing is generally attributed to Theophrastus ; and in this he still remains unrivalled. “ Above all,” says the learned Vossius, “ the most elegant “ Characters of Theophrastus will instruct us “ how to describe the manners of men by their “ distinguishing marks and peculiarities.”(a) He seems therefore fully entitled to the encomium which an elegant writer (b) denies, perhaps too rashly, to all but Homer and Archilochus, namely, that of having brought their own inventions at once to perfection.

Some, however, are of opinion, that our Author caught the idea of *Characters* from
Homer;

(a) Signis ac notis.—Institut. Orat. lib. iii. p. 362.
edit. Lug. Bat.

(b) Vell. Paterc. lib. i. cap. 5.

Homer; (*a*) and others, from the old Comedy. (*b*) But why not rather from his own observation of common life? As well perhaps might the Rabbinical writers assert, that he took the hint from Solomon, especially if they could prove that he and Aristotle borrowed great part of their natural history (*c*) from the same quarter.

Our author, doubtless, derived singular advantages from having heard such illustrious masters as the divine Plato, and the profound Aristotle; “ whose doctrines he accommodated to the
“ nice ear of the intelligent reader, with that
“ inoffensive satire which corrects the vices of
“ men, without making them conceive any
“ aversion to the satirist.” (*d*)

b 2

This

(*a*) Casaub. ut sup.—Il. 5. v. 278, &c.

(*b*) Gally's Essay, sect. 1.

(*c*) They pretend, upon their own authorities, that Alexander seized the works of Solomon in the Temple at Jerusalem, and gave them to Aristotle.—See Fabricii Codex Pseudepigr. Vet. Test. v. i. p. 1319, and v. ii. p. 172.

(*d*) Gally's Essay, sect. 3

This beautiful refinement, then, upon moral philosophy, comes recommended to us by every advantage: it inculcates the most useful lessons by the most pleasing means; it corrects the passions and follies of men, and establishes virtue, as it were, *ex absurdo*. “What,” says H. Stephens, (a) “can possibly be met with, what “can be invented, or even conceived, more elegant than this work of Theophrastus? what “more accommodated, or more conducive, to “the general interests and well-being of society?” I shall only add an elegant thought of another of his critics. (b) “Prometheus is said to have “been found fault with by Momus for having “neglected, when he made his men of clay, to “fix a window in their breasts; but Theophrastus in the present work seems willing to “supply this defect, by opening a window, “through which we may clearly see the nature “and operations of the human heart.” So
 extensive

(a) Edit. Arist. & Theoph. 1557, p. 162.

(b) Duport Pref. in Theoph. Char.

extensive is the utility of Characteristic Writing, that it need not, perhaps, yield in consequence to the Theatre, the Portico, or the Forum.

The original work, upon which the following publication is grounded, is entitled Ηθικός Χαρακτήρ, *Moral Characters*. Though composed, as he himself declares, (*a*) at an advanced age, they breathe the airy sprightliness of youth: the strokes, though delicate, are strongly touched; and the style has been admired by all good judges for its natural elegance, and unaffected simplicity: nor is there wanting a sufficient portion of the *Vis comica* to justify our applying to Theophrastus that of the Satirist,

———“ Pallentes radere mores

“ Doctus, & ingenuo culpam defigere ludo.” (*b*)

To the great regret however of every lover of the fine arts, it must be owned, that this golden work (*b*) is handed down to us in many respects

b 3

imperfect,

(*a*) See below, Note the last. (*b*) Persius, Sat. 5. v. 15.

(*c*) “ Aureoli libelli,” Cas. ut sup. “ aureum libellum,” Dup. ut sup.

imperfect, mutilated, and confused. (*a*) The advanced age of the author prevented him, perhaps, from putting the finishing hand to his book, or even reducing some of the instances under their respective descriptions: but as to the mutilated passages, they are accounted for from the following circumstances.

Theophrastus left his own works, and those of Aristotle, to his friend Neleus, of Scepsis, near Pergamus, one of the executors of his will. (*b*) The heirs of this Neleus, who were as destitute of zeal as of learning, (*c*) having buried these treasures, as some say, lest they should be seized by the king of Pergamus, they remained in this unworthy situation for several ages. (*d*) **They** were at last discovered, and brought

(*a*) *Nescio quomodo, quo libri sunt elegantiores, eo plerumque depraviores; quod & in hoc usu venit.*—H. Stephens ut sup.

(*b*) Laert.

(*c*) *Αφιλοτιμης και ιδιωτας.* Plut. in Syllâ.

(*d*) See, on this subject, Gen. Dict. Art. TYRANNION.

brought to Rome in the time of Cicero, who, we may suppose, was under high obligations to these writings, and by their means possibly was made a convert to the Academic, which, as he himself (*a*) says, differed but in name from the Peripatetic sect. The ignorance of the transcribers, employed by booksellers at Rome, was, if possible, more fatal than the vaults at Pergamus; and, in truth, the critics of the middle ages seem to have been less attentive, than became them, to the preserving and collating these valuable remains. Stobæus had only inserted the first fifteen Characters in his collections: at the revival of letters, H. Stephens met with MSS. which afforded him eight more. The last five were communicated to Casaubon from the Palatine library at Heidelberg. (*b*)

Permit me to observe in this place, that our Author's imperfections seem rather owing to ac-

b 4

cidental

(*a*) Acad. Quæst. lib. ii. c. 5.

(*b*) Cas. Pref. to Char. 24, &c.

cidental circumstances, than to any defect in his own taste or judgement. One fault however we must not conceal, namely, an indelicacy and coarseness of ideas and expressions, which to a modern reader would seem quite inexcusable. I shall not enquire with Dr. Gally, (*a*) whether the delicacy of the present age does not proceed from an affected nicety, or a false taste, rather than the intrinsic nature of things ; but only observe, from the general character we have seen (*b*) our author bear for elegance, and a punctilious observance of decorum, that this fault was rather in the *age*, than in the *man*. Casaubon (*c*) argues, from his frequent mention of vociferation, that he had tender ears ; and indeed every instance of impropriety, which he produces, conveys at the same time a sufficient evidence of his own disapprobation of it.

From what has been said, the reader will have
 a competent idea of the difficulties which have
 attended

(*a*) In Char. xix.

(*c*) In Char. vi. ad fin.

(*b*) See above, p. xi.

attended the present work. To reconcile it to modern notions, to make the confused Characters consistent, and to keep up a distinction between the very similar ones, was a work of no small attention. I have not, however, taken so great a liberty with the original, as to attempt a reduction of the seemingly misplaced instances; nor are any of them totally omitted, though some perhaps might have been spared. Shall it be owned, that two or three whole Characters were for some time rejected, as incapable of being successfully handled, either on account of their obscurity or coarseness of manners? By the advice however of an excellent critic, in order to render the work complete, they have been new modelled and retained, without disgrace, it is hoped, to their fellows.

The learned reader will perceive, that new introductions are substituted in the room of the dry Aristotelian definitions which are prefixed to all the original pieces. Many instances are transposed

posed in the same Character, for the sake either of perspicuity, or a better conclusion, or for some other inferior reason. The word *Imitations*, in the Title, is adopted, it must be owned, for want of a better, though the following sketches might almost pass for originals, so total a change has been sometimes made, especially in the Sixteenth Character, where the nature of the subject required it; and so much new matter introduced, especially in the Third, where incoherence is the characteristic.

If either the language or ideas in the following sheets should seem to fall below the standard of modern refinement, it is hoped, that the nature of the persons here introduced will apologise for the want of an extreme attention to a taste which, however laudable in itself, it may not always perhaps be possible to comply with. It is requested too, that if any thing should seem awkward or unnecessary, the reader would not pass an unfavourable judgement without first referring to the original passage.

The

The *manners* in the original are certainly general, and consequently, it was apprehended, might appear with advantage at any other period. Our *Clown*, for instance, is not exclusively the produce of this or that particular country, but only one who is removed from society, and destitute of all politeness; nor is our *Courtier* the attendant upon this or any other court, but a general favour-hunter (*Αρεστος*): he is, in short, as the Poet sings,

“ The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin’d
 “ An humble servant to all human kind.”

The same might be said of the other Characters. As to the *customs* indeed, which are widely different from the *manners*, as they refer to the exterior, and not interior conduct, (a) these must necessarily have been local and particular; they are now therefore, in course, adapted to the age and nation to which they are at present addressed.

Messrs. Colman and Thornton did well in not

at-

(a) *Esprit de Loix*, liv. xix. c. 16.

attempting to modernise, or generalise, their authors. The laws of the Drama would not have admitted such violence; nor could they have got rid of the *customs*, upon which each plot, and perhaps every scene, is founded. Mr. Colman (*a*) therefore should have said, that the *customs*, and not the *manners*, prevailing in them all, are wholly Grecian. *Manners*, as Mr. Thornton (*b*) acknowledges, will ever be much alike, at least in civilised nations.

A great part of the following sheets have lain by, even a longer time than is prescribed by the great critic; (*c*) as appears indeed by some names and circumstances which occur, though several others of later fame have occasionally crept in during the revivals they have from time to time undergone. Such as they are, I shall submit them to the candour of the Public, and conclude with the Proem prefixed by the author himself to the original work, and addressed to a friend of his, named Polycles.

PROEM

(*a*) Colman's Pref. to *Ter.* p. 78., &c. octav. edit.

(*b*) Thornton's Pref. to *Plaut.* at the end.

(*c*) Nonumq; prematur in annum.

PROEM OF THEOPHRASTUS.

I HAVE often wondered, when I considered the subject, and perhaps shall never cease to wonder, how it happens, that since we all (*a*) partake of the same air, and make use of the same system of education, we should nevertheless have such a diversity of manners. For my part, Polycles, having long studied human nature, being now ninety-nine (*b*) years old, and having been conversant with many different people, among whom I have narrowly examined both the good and the bad, it seemed a duty incumbent on me, to give an accurate description of their different pursuits; for which purpose I shall carefully point out to you their respective peculiarities both of temper and

(*a*) The original says *all Greece*, but it seems to mean *Attica*, or at most *Græcia propria*.

(*b*) There must certainly be some mistake here, which is by no means accounted for by the Critics; for Casaubon's conjecture, that ρ'θ' might have crept into the text instead of 'θ', would make him an hundred and nine.—See above, p. vi.

and conduct. FOR I AM OF OPINION, MY DEAR POLYCLÉS, THAT OUR POSTERITY WILL BE BENEFITED BY HAVING SUCH EXAMPLES TO REFER TO. THESE CHARACTERS WILL ENABLE THEM TO DISCERN AND ATTACH THEMSELVES TO THE WORTHIEST, SO AS IN THE END NOT TO BE INFERIOR TO THEM. Let us now proceed to the work before us, and let me bespeak your attention, and opinion how far I have succeeded. Without further Preface, or circumlocution, I shall begin with that sort of men called *Dissemblers*. I shall define the *Pas-sion*, and then proceed to describe the *Dissembler*, what kind of man he is, and by what particular bias he is actuated. In like manner I shall endeavour to explain and particularise the other Characters, as I originally proposed.



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E R R A T A .

- Page 35. line 14. For "moral laws" read "moral *laws*."
— 57. — 1. For "may fo" read "may *say* fo."
— 78. — 1. For "his" read "*its*."



THE
DISSEMBLER.

THE fly Dissembler acts a part
Entirely foreign to his heart;
A subtle dealer in dark schemes,
He's any thing—but what he seems.
This mental masker can impose
By kindness on his greatest foes;
And, though he hates them, he commends
As if they were his dearest friends;
Congratulates them on some good
Which he'd have hinder'd if he cou'd;

B

Or

Or else condoles with them, though he
 Had been their bitt'rest enemy.
 To all offences he, so meek,
 Turns a deaf ear and patient cheek,
 As if, in conscious virtue blest,
 No censures could his soul molest.
 If you suspect he did you wrong,
 He has so very smooth a tongue,
 And "dearest sirs" you, all the while,
 With such an unembarrass'd smile,
 That you would presently relent,
 And think the caitiff innocent.
 He can produce for all occasions
 A set of ready-coin'd evasions:
 O dear! says he—and then he groans—
 This riding does so shake one's bones—
 Or yawns, and cries, For mercy's sake
 Leave me—I can-not keep awake—
 Or—I'm so vastly sick, I vow
 'Twou'd kill me to attend you now.
 He'll puzzle you the truth as fast
 As mystical enthusiast:

Not

Not ALDWINKLE himself can be
 More politic, and sly, than he;
 Still anxious to put out the light,
 Since cheats are all discover'd by't.
 He'll not apprise his nearest friends
 Of what he does, or what intends;
 But wraps his meaning so about,
 'Twould pose a HURD to find it out.
 Proteus in wealth, by sudden flight
 He's rich at noon, and poor at night:
 Whenever he's inclin'd to puff,
 He has estates and cash enough,
 Yet has not, should you ask a loan,
 One shilling he can call his own.
 Should he be disinclin'd to see,
 He'll turn short-sighted instantly:
 Nay, it's well known, that, when he lists,
 In spite of your anatomists,
 This great professor of disguise
 Can shut his ears as well as eyes:
 He knows, or does not know, a thing,
 Just which will most advantage bring:

His mem'ry too, no less observant,
 Is much his int'rest's humble servant.
 If he's of any news advis'd,
 His face is very much surpris'd;
 His looks, his actions, and his phrases,
 Are made of nothing but amazes:
 How! did I hear you tight? says he,
 Bless me! you jest! it could not be!
 Have I my senses? do I wake?
 You must be under a mistake.
 And thus with wily zigzag art
 He winds himself about your heart,
 'Till all your purposes are known,
 And he has well disguis'd his own.
 But, Sirs, beware; for all this mummary
 Of fulsome complaisance, and flummery,
 However cunningly preferr'd,
 Has poison in it, take my word.
 Thus Flora paints her dainty meadow,
 Where pois'nous reptiles lurk in petto.

T H E
F L A T T E R E R.

THE Flatt'rer is a nurse to wait on,
 And feed with pap, his baby Great one,
 And sooth the froward pouting thing
 With "That's a dear," and "There's a king."
 He'll smirk upon his Lord, and cry,
 How you arrest the public eye!
 In truth, whene'er you come in view,
 There's no one look'd upon but you:
 But, à-propos, the club last night
 Was vastly num'rous and polite;
 And there you had such honor paid,
 Such justice done, I should have said;
 For you, they all declar'd, might claim
 A kind of full exclusive fame.

Thus prating, if a straggling mote
 Should trespass on his Lordship's coat,
 Or thread should seem inclin'd to stray,
 He picks it cringingly away.
 Should a grey hair perchance arise,
 It proves my Lord extremely wise;
 But, if his poll quite black appears,
 It shows great vigor at his years.
 The Flatt'rer, till his Patron's heard,
 Wo'n't suffer you to speak a word;
 But all the while, before his face,
 Praises his manner, tone, and grace;
 And then chimes in at ev'ry close
 With—What amazing thoughts are those!
 Before his Patron has well spoken
 As vile a jest as could be broken,
 The sycophant begins to stare,
 And strains, and wriggles in his chair,
 And bites his handkerchief in half
 To stifle the pretended laugh.
 He'll strut before his Lord, and bawl,
 Stand back there, fellows! from the wall:

A plague upon ye, and a new rope!
 You croud the greatest man in Europe.
 He carries to his Patron's sons
 His pockets stuff'd with macaroons;
 And in his presence he'll caress 'em,
 And kifs, and dandle 'em, and blefs 'em,
 And swear he doats on 'em the rather
 'Cause they're so vastly like their father!
 'Tis plain the Flatt'rer must have got
 The length too of his Patron's foot;
 For, should his Lordship but try on
 A pair of pumps, 'tis ten to one
 But he protests, he never knew
 So neat a foot done justice to!
 Soon as he learns my Lord intends
 A visit to some neighb'ring friends,
 Off starts the Flatt'rer to *announce*
 His coming, and runs back at once,
 And says, I have *propounded* to 'em
 The honor you *vouchsafe* to do 'em.
 If he would court some Patroness,
 He's quite a connoisseur in dress,

And skips and dances up and down
 To half the Mam'oiselles in town ;
 Descants on all that women wear—
 A very band-box Chevalier.
 He no where more completely shines
 Than when he with his Lordship dines :
 Of smiles and praises how profuse !
 He sips and smacks the rosy juice ;
 On ev'ry dish in rapture dwells,
 Develops how each sauce excels ;
 Then turns, and wishes he could see
 His Lordship eat more heartily.
 His Lordship's footman he outskips
 To reach a cushion for his hips ;
 Then sits him down politely near,
 And hangs in whispers on his ear ;
 Nor deigns the company a word,
 But what's in deference to my Lord.
 Viewing some house, he reads a lecture
 On its majestic architecture ;
 Remarks with exquisite delight
 That it's a most enchanting site ;

The

The park too is immensely pleasant ;
 That is, if their possessor's present :
 Nay, he can even raise his battery
 On base of other people's flattery,
 And, though they dedicate like STEEL,
 They don't do justice by a deal :
 And portraits, flatt'ring out of reason,
 Strike him the moment that he sees one !
 In short, he's like a fawning hound,
 That barks, and jumps, and capers round,
 And lets you play with him, or kick,
 In hopes to get a bone to pick.



T H E
B A B L E R.

THE Babler has a tongue as fleet
 As Teague's ungovernable feet:
 It runs in spite of all resistance,
 And leaves his meaning half a distance.
 Though you're to him a perfect stranger,
 Nor apprehend the smallest danger,
 He'll scrape acquaintance, and begin
 Familiarly to wag his chin;
 With—Pray, sir, do you know my wife?
 And, if you don't, I'll lay my life
 You don't know any one that makes
 Such nice hot buns and sugar-cakes.
 Sir, if you knew her, you'd esteem her—
 Now, you must know, I'm such a dreamer,

I dreamt the strangest dream last night,
 Something about a Culimite—
 Well, faith, of all your arts, give me
 Your art of cookery, says he:
 I din'd last Friday near the Mews,
 At old Sir HUMPHRY BARBECUE'S;
 There we had soup, and we had fish—
 And then he runs through ev'ry dish:
 And for dessert he falls a railing;
 Sure vice was never more prevailing.
 What crowds of foreigners!—They say
 The price of barley fell to-day.
 I purpose to inclose next year—
 So, we're to have a war, I hear—
 Indeed we want a little wet—
 Pray, is the Baltic open yet?—
 Last night, returning from the ball,
 I met a pompous funeral,
 Of old PHILARGYRY the miser;
 Why he was very loth to die, fir.
 His heir, it seems, is Captain TRIGGER;
 And so he cut a tearing figure:

And

And—let me see—the undertaker
 Was EPHRAIM MULLIGRUBS the Quaker.—
 Pray, can you tell how many stalls
 There are belonging to St. Paul's?
 My house is not a great way from it;
 And yesterday I took a vomit.—
 So, Baron ANTLEER's just arriv'd:
 They think he's rather overwiv'd.—
 JACK SPENDORE's going to attend
 My Lord TREEDOWNING to Land's-end.—
 Those Spaniards had a mind to fright us.—
 Pray, have you heard of Count ST. VIRUS?
 He danc'd, I think they say, last ball-night
 With Miss TARANTULA MAC-ALNIGHT.
 But what's o'clock, and what's to-day?
 Oh, I've an hour or two to stay.
 And then he hems, and with his clack
 Begins to box the Almanac;
 Tells you that flowers are worn in May,
 And leeks upon St. Taffy's day;
 Or, that the famous powder-plot
 Falls in November, or what not:

Then

Then off he flies ten thousand leagues;
 Perhaps into some court intrigues.
 Such is the senseless gallimaufry
 The Babler is prepar'd to offer ye,
 Whether you're busy, or at leisure,
 If he can fairly make his seizure:
 But, if you're luckily without
 The rheumatism, or the gout,
 Run—fly him—or you'll find, ere long,
 A fever hangs upon his tongue.



T H E
C L O W N.

THE Clown is one whose manners suit
 In one sence with some dainty fruit;
 Not sweet indeed like these, or nice,
 But each from dunghills take their rise.
 The Clown is so unclean a beast,
 He'll come with phyfic to a feast,
 Or scent of onions as he goes;
 But these are fragrance to his nose.
 His foot within his shoe may roam,
 Yet never stir a step from home;
 And so obstreperous his voice is,
 It might be heard an hundred toises.
 With crony louts he loves to mix,
 And cram them with his politics:

And

And when he has affairs in hand,
 That might a friend's advice demand,
 You'll see him deep engag'd in talking
 With Claglock, and his daughter Maukin.
 The Clown most commonly one fees
 Unbutton'd at the breeches knees.
 In his accounts of herds and flocks
 He's reckon'd wond'rous orthodox;
 And turns his back upon a palace
 To view some bullocks in the vallies.
 A greedy gormandizing lubbard,
 He'll snatch a luncheon from the cupboard;
 Fall foul of ev'ry thing that's handy,
 And drink his own good health in brandy;
 Then sneak away, as if afraid
 To be detected by his maid.
 He'll help to cook, and then sit down
 To dine with any brother clown;
 Or go himself, instead of Robin,
 To fetch a feed of corn for Dobbin.
 He'll rise from dinner to unlock
 The door, if any one should knock;

And

And sometimes has the sad disaster
 Of being ask'd about his master.
 No subject sets his tongue a going,
 With eloquence so full and flowing,
 As does the praise of honest Jowler,
 His sheep, and hog, and cow-controller :
 He'll grasp his nose with loving gripe,
 And box his haunches, and his tripe ;
 And buss him too, while he repeats
 His virtues, and prodigious feats.
 If he has lent a next-door neighbour
 Some paltry utensil of labor,
 At dead of night perhaps he'll come
 With boist'rous noise to fetch it home ;
 Or, should a debt in cash be proffer'd,
 He'll scruple ev'ry piece that's offer'd :
 He'll go to market with a tup,
 Take at Nick Froth's his morning cup,
 And sit him down perhaps, though loth,
 To lose his beard of a month's growth.
 Then to some public room he goes,
 With clouted shoes and greasy clothes,
Stumping

Stumping and rumbling like a cart,
 To which he plays a counterpart
 By whistling, not for want of thought,
 But want of being better taught.
 He'll call at night on butcher Bevis,
 And buy some meat, that is but refuse,
 All which into a sack he crams,
 And, placing it beneath his hams,
 Away he jogs, and makes a point on't
 That very night to roast a joint on't.



T H E
C O U R T I E R.

THE Courtier is as bright and fine,
 And brisk and sparkling, as French wine;
 And bears indeed a near relation
 Both to the liquor and the nation.
 The Courtier, so intensely kind,
 So over polish'd and refin'd,
 Lets off a bow at you, or smile,
 Before you reach him by a mile;
 Admires you monstrously, and praises
 In most exaggerated phrases;
 Sputters himself quite out of breath,
 And hugs and squeezes you to death;
 Then dances after you, professing
 He can't resign so great a blessing,

Except

Except you'll promise soon to come,
 And let him wait on you at home.
 If you 've some business to refer,
 Never name him your arbiter;
 For, though he cringes thus to you,
 He'll do so to your rival too,
 And making favor his grand end,
 He's every man's, and no man's friend.
 If he's engag'd in conversation
 With persons of a different nation,
 So far from being patriotic,
 He praises ev'ry thing exotic,
 And says he needs must own, though loth,
 Good sense is not his country's growth.
 The Courtier, dining at Sir JOHN's,
 Begg he may see the Little ones,
 And ere they 're fairly come in sight,
 With admiration bursts outright,
 Finds out a grace in ev'ry pimple,
 His Honor's nose, my Lady's dimple,
 And wins Miss SOPHY's favor soon
 By complimenting her pompoon,

Till her old maiden aunt cries, O fye!
 You should not be so forward, SOPHY:
 Then, for the boy, he'll have recourse
 To galloping his hobby-horse,
 And romp and play with him, and tickle,
 And place upon his knees the pickle;
 There let him lie, and sprawl and kick,
 Although he wish him at Old Nick.
 His person takes so much adorning,
 To this he dedicates the morning;
 Chusing new silks to wear to-day,
 Which are to-morrow thrown away;
 Rehearsing his address and grin,
 And scraping nothing from his chin.
 He sits whole hours, a perfect Grissel,
 To let 'em pinch his hair, and frizzle,
 Till of his sponce there's nothing seen
 But one great powder-magazine;
 Then trips into a public place,
 And screws himself against his Grace,
 He figures in the play-house, where
 The first nobility appear;

Or,

Or, should their sons perform a play,
 None ever did so well as they!
 His powder'd pate he seldom pops
 Into mechanic dirty shops;
 But then to Cox's, and to places
 Of Fashion, he'll attend their Graces;
 With various presents he'll endeavour
 To please the great, and curry favor;
 Send my Lord TURF a Yorkshire steed,
 Or pointer, of the true rough breed;
 And compliment Sir BURLY TRIPES
 With pheasants, turkey-poults, or snipes,
 Or dainty kinds of fish, well judging
 They're proper baits to catch a gudgeon.
 His house, like Noah's ark, one might well
 A kind of Microcosm entitle,
 Swarming with creatures wild and tame,
 Confin'd to many a courtly dame;
 To mereposers, perching near,
 Virginia nightingales appear;
 Maccaws and monkeys he has got
 In training for Miss POLYGLOT;

A fav'rite cat, or Guinea sow,
 For Lady URSULA FITZ-WHOWE;
 Then fans, and snuff-boxes, and toys,
 And porc'lain figures he supplies,
 Milk-maids and mandarins, to set
 Upon her Grace's cabinet.
 He lends a noble Lord his hall,
 To give the neighbourhood a ball;
 And there the Courtier one may see
 Curvetting to the company;
 And, should a stranger praise the building,
 The costly furniture and gilding,
 Politely quitting all the merit,
 But taking care my Lord shou'd hear it,
 Says he, Why look ye, Sir, 'twas all
 His Lordship's taste, who gave the ball.

T H E
S C O U N D R E L.

THE Scoundrel is alone ambitious
 Of being infamous and vicious;
 Into all wickedness he'll rush,
 Asham'd of nothing—but to blush.
 For any dirty jobs that can
 Be undertaken, he's your man;
 And any customer with lyes,
 Or oaths, he by the great supplies.
 As to all censure, he's above it,
 And acts as if he seem'd to love it:
 Censure itself indeed must be
 Of him a kind of flattery.
 On market days this fellow rambles
 About the cabbage-stalls and shambles;

Or capers, without shame or grace;
 Al fresco, round the market-place:
 Then, if a fellow with a drum
 And fool's cap to the town should come,
 With fights to make the rabble stare,
 You're sure to find the Scoundrel there,
 Gath'ring the halfpence at the wicket,
 Or bullying those that shew a ticket;
 Cursing, and bawling out, But I know
 I'll make 'em stump the ready rhino!
 To any trade that's contraband,
 Or shameful, he can turn his hand:
 Sometimes he keeps a gambling-house,
 Rogues like himself to cheat and chouse;
 Or sausages, and mutton pies,
 Made of unwholesome scraps, he cries;
 Or he's the bully of a whore,
 Or sturdy beggar at your door.
 Nothing, in fact, can come amiss
 To such a shameless wretch as this:
 But yet his fav'rite kind of vice
 Seems to be that of cards and dice;

At

At which, though he should win a chest-full,
 For cheats are usually successful,
 He squanders it in pastimes vile,
 And lets his mother starve the while.
 Sometimes behind a grate he lingers
 For an incontinence of fingers:
 And since this same hôtel the most
 Of any can his presence boast,
 He truly might be said to be
 A Newgate Residentiary.
 He frequently sets up his 'larum
 At folks he meets, enough to scare 'em;
 Or stands, perhaps, and whoops so loud,
 As to attract a gaping croud;
 And then, abusing all that hear him,
 Repays the fools for coming near him.
 Scarce any one indeed can long
 Endure his pestilential tongue;
 Though all must pity one so crazy
 That triumphs in his profligacy.
 Sometimes a pettifogger's imp,
 Of common-barretry the pimp,

He

He sneaks about to pick up actions,
 Fomenting quarrels and distractions;
 And he can swear thro' thick and thin too,
 If any hobbles he gets into :
 He brings his pocket-full of writs,
 To fright folks out of all their wits,
 And money too, for that's the chief
 Intention of this artful thief.
 And presently the cash is lent
 To them again at cent. per cent.
 And he obliges them to pay
 This shameful int'rest to a day;
 Then seising it with harpy-claws,
 He chops the chink into his jaws,
 To shew he's ready to devour
 Whatever comes into his power.
 This monstrous ass, as I was saying,
 Has a prodigious knack at braying;
 Never was throat so curs'd as this,
 Still gaping like the gate of Dis:
 The deafning anvil he'll out-roar;
 Tinmen and smiths are heard no more:

All

All ears, all senses, he'll confound,
 Both with the matter and the sound:
 But chiefly this obstrep'rous noise,
 This voice Stentorean, he employs
 In mischief-making, and in slander,
 Of hate, as well as love, the pander.



T H E
P R A T E R.

THE Prater would outprove by far
 E'en Serjeant BOTHERAM at the bar:
 He might be said abroad to walk,
 Like Indian envoys, with a *talk*.
 Should you attempt to tell a story,
 The Prater jostles in before ye,
 With—Sir, you seem to have forgot;
 Why I was there upon the spot,
 And if you'll favor me a little,
 I can explain it to a tittle.
 Should you resume it—Hold, says he,
 We'll speak of that, Sir, presently;
 Or—Ay, that's well remember'd—now
 I'll tell you when, and where, and how.

Or

Or, wanting reasons for dissenting,
 He stops your mouth by complimenting—
 You've said enough, Sir, to evince
 The strength of your superior sense:
 You are indeed a nonpareil,
 You comprehend a thing so well.
 It somehow quite inspires a man—
 Well, I'll inform you all I can.
 Or sometimes he mistakes, and then
 His stumble helps him in again.
 At Drury-Lane—I beg your pardon,
 I think it was at Covent-Garden—
 No, faith! it was at Drury-Lane;
 The fact however I'll explain.
 So here again your worship's flung
 By his superior flight of tongue:
 Then, after making his attack
 On you, or me, or Tom, or Jack,
 He'll croud himself extremely free
 Into some pick'd society,
 And send amongst 'em such a volley
 Of his impertinence and folly,

And

And make so great a noise and hubbub,
 That they're oblig'd to break their club up.
 If by mischance this noisy fool
 Intrudes upon a public school,
 Greek, Latin, Hebrew, quit the field;
 All other tongues to his must yield:
 He talks the masters all away,
 And gives the boys a holiday.
 When you endeavour to take leave,
 He's sure to stick upon your sleeve,
 Desirous to procure by walking
 An opportunity of talking.
 He's vilely calculated for
 A trusty privy-counsellor;
 For in his giddy thoughtless way
 Your greatest secrets he'll betray:
 However his best field for tattle
 Is certainly the field of battle.
 If once he gets you on that ground,
 By nice manœuvres wheeling round,
 He talks away as glib as can be
 Of FRED'RICK, FERDINAND, and GRANBY;

Pell-mell

Pell-mell encounters fronts and rears,
 And you he flanks at both your ears;
 'Till you yourself, you need not doubt it,
 Must fly, before the French are routed.
 If he has made, on some occasion,
 A long elaborate oration,
 You, as a connoisseur, and lover
 Of eloquence, must hear it over:
 For that same vulgar herd, he'll swear it,
 Know little of rhetoric merit.
 In gen'ral most of those whose fate
 It is to hear this parrot prate,
 No manner of attention pay,
 But fall asleep, or steal away.
 If with his clack he interferes
 In public courts, or theatres,
 He seldom stops, or seems to care
 How often they cry " Silence there!"
 He'll give you, when he makes a feast,
 A belly-full—of talk at least;
 And having fairly drank his fill,
 His tongue thus oil'd is glibber still;

And

And then he splutters like a beldam,
 That's dipt for scolding in a mill-dam.
 He seems upon this head to be
 Insensible of raillery;
 For laugh, and call him what you will,
 He neither stops, nor takes it ill;
 Nor does he comprehend the satire
 When his own children, from pure nature,
 Lisp out, as up his knees they creep,
 Papa, do—story us to sleep.



THE
POLITICAL BITER.

THE great professor of humbug
 Deals largely in a kind of drug
 Call'd *News*, with which he's well supply'd
 Of all forts, ready cut and dry'd;
 But, like your Bostoners, he chuses
 To *manufacture* what he uses.
 After some prefatory grins,
 This lyar to his friend begins,
 Did you make George's in your way?
 And what's in the Gazette to-day?
 What! cou'd you pick up no report
 Within the purlieus of the court?
 And then he'll over-run your answer
 With, Knowing you're a curious man, Sir,

D

I

I could produce you such a treat,
 Quite genuine, just imported, neat:
 Taking just now my usual range,
 I met a Captain upon 'Change,
 Who says a drummer of the Blues
 Had just inform'd him of such news!
 The King of PRUSSIA, you must know,
 Has struck a most decisive blow;
 And DAUN himself, they say, forsaken
 By fortune and his troops, is taken;
 And SCHROLTZDORFF's dead, and TSCNEIDT-
 HVELM's broke;

But what's still worse, this fatal stroke,
 Which their own FABIVS could not parry,
 Has made the Empress Queen *miscarry*:
 And we're assur'd from Rome, beside,
 That the Pope's toe was *mortify'd*.
 This news if you shou'd dare to doubt,
 Why—go and find the drummer out.
 Then, soon forgetting that his lyes
 Are genuine, and just broach'd, he cries,

You

You don't distrust me, Sir? I vow
 All London rings with it by now:
 In ev'ry face a man may see
 This glorious news from Germany.
 Heav'ns! how delightfully it sounded!
 Ten thousand kill'd, and twenty wounded!
 Besides, an officer from thence
 Is kept, it seems, in conference
 So close shut up with Mr. PITT,
 That *nobody has seen him yet*.
 Then, thinking he's extremely snug
 With his political humbug,
 And has so well sustain'd the cause,
 He'll clench it with some moral laws;
 Lament poor DAUN's unhappy fate,
 That was, but t'other day, so great;
 And some grave sentences advance
 About the mighty pow'r of Chance:
 But it's a sad misfortune, though,
 That the poor Pope shou'd lose his toe:
 However, Mum, says he, 's the word;
 Tell not a creature what you've heard.

Then off he skips about the town,
 To spread by whispers, up and down,
 The mighty news of which this hummer
 Is both the trumpeter—and drummer.
 In truth, I never cou'd arrive at
 A sense of what these blockheads drive at :
 For, while they thus mislead a set
 Of gaping brothers, they may get
 No one, perhaps, to contradict ;
 But only have their pockets pick'd.
 Sometimes you'll see the lyar standing,
 And Granbying and Ferdinanding ;
 Telling how à-propos-Mynheer
 VAN CENTERFLANK brought up the rear ;
 'Till, recollecting on a sudden,
 He finds that he has lost his pudding ;
 Or, while he fights the French, and beats
 At once their armies and their fleets,
 Abforb'd in military laws,
 Forgets his own judicial cause,
 Which may perhaps a non-suit end in,
 Merely for want of his attending.

Sure

Sure nothing can be more absurd,
 And hateful, than this humming-bird,
 That's evermore upon the wing
 Some new-hatch'd falsities to bring :
 Now round the Park, or through the Court,
 He flutters ; or, as some report,
 Like Methodist, has dar'd to perch,
 Nor cease his humming—e'en at Church.



T H E
S P U N G E R.

THE Spunger in the strictest sense,
 Arm'd at all points with impudence,
 Might well be call'd, fans all romance,
 The Knight o'th' Brazen Countenance.
 If you have ever been so rash
 As to have lent this fellow cash,
 Depend upon't, by choice he'll come
 To you to beg a further sum.
 He's not content perhaps to coax
 A dinner out of John o'Nokes;
 But seizes something to his mind,
 And says to Dick, who waits behind,
 Do take it to my house—that's right;
 'Twill serve me cleverly at night.

Each

Each tradesman, where he buys his modicum,
 Had rather see some other body come:
 To shame and reason he's so lost—
 Frank Bluekin knows it to his cost;
 He'll cry, This steelyard can't be true:
 Well, I have been a friend to you.
 Who help'd you to that brindled calf?
 Give me that head—I will have half.
 Well, now you know, you rogue, says he,
 That when you courted Margery,
 I spoke for you: well, she's a true one:
 Give me this *rib* for getting you one.
 And thus the Spunger lets his tongue run,
 And fingers too, 'till, in the long-run,
 The butcher's sure to be trepann'd,
 By flight of tongue, or flight of hand.
 Shou'd an acquaintance from the country
 Come up to town, with strange effront'ry
 He makes him at the tavern pay,
 Or even treat him to the play.
 When you have pick'd up something cheap,
 That some advantage he may reap,

He'll

He'll teaze and harrafs you with, Prithee
 Do let me share the purchase with y'.
 He'll come, and, with a grave pretence
 Of some peculiar exigence,
 Desire you'd lend him some oak planks,
 And he'll return as many—thanks :
 And he presumes it wo'n't disparage
 Your honor to give in the carriage.
 A man so impudent as this
 Would bathe in formâ pauperis ;
 He'd keep the bath-man at a distance,
 And purposely refuse assistance,
 In order to withhold the pay :
 Of him then we may fairly say,
 Whilst he can cheat and circumvent,
 He's always in his element.

T H E
M I S E R.

THE Miser, who, in love with treasure,
Doats on his object out of measure,
Is no philosopher, I wist,
But in his love a Platonist.
Should he have any friends to dine,
He's wond'rous sparing of his wine,
He pours it gently, drop by drop,
With, Pray now tell me when to stop :
And as for eatables, perhaps
He'll cook 'em up a dish of scraps,
Enough he swears for twenty—but
He must have meant in Lilliput.
He gives the vicar not a tester
More than he's forc'd to do at Easter;

Then

Then wishes all men would esteem
 And reverence the church like him.
 He thinks, however cheap, whate'er
 He buys is monstrously too dear;
 But, should he want to sell it, then
 He'll swear it's worth as much again.
 If Dick by chance should break a platter,
 Or cup, or some such trifling matter,
 By this, thinks he, I'll be a winner,
 For Dick shall go without his dinner.
 If his wife Joan has lost a thimble,
 He skips about extremely nimble,
 Coffers and trunks he runs his head in,
 And sifts and towzes bed and bedding,
 Cupboards and bandboxes explores,
 And analyses chests o'drawers,
 And seems as anxious for't, almost,
 As if his wife herself were lost.
 If to his garden you're admitted,
 Your eyes alone are to be treated;
 Howe'er your palate it may suit,
 There's nothing but forbidden fruit:

Nay,

Nay, even walking up and down
 Would make the Miser fret and frown,
 For the great injury you're doing
 In hindering his grafs from growing.
 He'll once a day perambulate,
 And view the bounds of his estate,
 Lest any inroads should be made
 By his next neighbour's plough or spade;
 And count his hedges too, lest they,
 As being *quick*, should run away,
 On market-days he's sure to go
 To cater for himself; but though
 His stomach's keen enough to eat,
 Yet he has none to buy the meat.
 If he has any cash to pay,
 He'll shift it off from day to day;
 But, if he's to receive of you,
 He'll come a day before it's due:
 And their's must be a wretched portion
 That are exposed to his extortion:
 If once their payments are delay'd,
 Forbearance-money must be paid;

And

And when they're in his pow'r, he squeezes
 And screws 'em out of what he pleases.
 His wife he charges not to lend,
 Or give away, a candle's end.
 Lend not a grain of salt, says he,
 A sprig of thyme or rosemary;
 For e'en a pea a day, my dear,
 Would make us porridge once a year.
 His rusty chest, with rusty key
 Once lock'd, no more the light must see:
 He wo'n't allow his taylor stuff
 To make his doublet wide enough;
 And suffers his old wig to spoil,
 Merely to save a drop of oil:
 Then, if Tom Tweak'em be call'd in
 To shave his Wretchedness's chin,
 That he mayn't want him soon again,
 He'll make him scrape and pare it then
 So closely, that the blood comes spurging
 After the tool of barber-surgeon.
 He'll fit without his shoes, for fear
 The fire should hurt them, if too near;

And

And all his rhet'ric he'll employ,
 When they are clean'd, to make the boy
 Lay on more blacking for his ha'penny,
 So long as e'er the rogue can scrape any ;
 For well he knows the shoeblack's function
 Is diff'rent from the Romish unction :
 For oil profane can make things strong,
 And last proportionably long ;
 Whereas the sacred is so noisome,
 And pois'nous, it at once destroys 'em !



T H E
V U L G A R W A G.

THE Vulgar wag our spleen provokes,
 The scavenger of vulgar jokes ;
 For decent companies unfit,
 Though he *mistrusts* that he's a wit.
 With some strange impudence he greets
 A modest woman in the streets,
 And swears, when he perceives her blushing,
 She reddens like the parson's cushion.
 At plays he gives himself such airs,
 He'll sit and *counteract* the play'rs ;
 And just when ev'ry one that's present
 Remains attentive, he's so pleasant,
 He'll grunt or whistle, 'till all eyes
 Turn on the fool with strange surprise,

To

To see him play his part so well,
 Without his motley cap, and bell.
 To people quite unknown he'll call,
 Hip, Roger! or, How goes it, Moll?
 And fetch a man of business back,
 Half a street's length, with, Hark ye, Jack.
 A man that's cross'd by adverse fate
 He's ready to congratulate;
 Or, out of fun, he'll lead a stranger
 Into some foolish scrape or danger.
 Sometimes, as through the streets he reels,
 With fools and fiddlers at his heels,
 He'll hold out liquors, or provision,
 To some poor beggar, in derision,
 And cry, Look here, you starveling dog,
 Don't your chaps water at this prog?
 In barbers' shops he sticks his face,
 Proclaiming, without shame or grace,
 That he shall be dead drunk by four,
 With Captain CUTLACE and his whore;
 Both devilish honest, one may swear—
 But let this fellow's guests beware;

He'd

He'd play 'em some ungracious tricks,
 With drugs perhaps their liquors mix,
 Or, to crown all his wond'rous feats,
 Clip horse-hair in between their sheets.
 His usual wit has something in't,
 That shows it coin'd in selfish mint;
 He'll find some means of making folks
 Defray his reck'ning for his jokes,
 And, when requir'd to pay his half,
 Discharge it by a loud horse-laugh.
 He makes wry faces at the wines,
 If in a coffee-house he dines,
 Then begs of all the people round
 To taste if theirs be good and sound.
 He'll squabble with an apple-woman,
 That is not, we'll suppose, a dumb one,
 And take advantage of the fray
 To pick her nuts and pears away.
 Should a few strolers strive to earn
 A wretched pittance in a barn,
 He'll teach his little bastard Jack
 To smuggle Falstaff through a crack,

Or

Or gratis at the end slip in,
 And catch a glimpse of Harlequin.
 If some one should a present make,
 And bid him keep it for his sake,
 Away he goes, and thinks it funny
 To turn it into ready money.
 Of debts he'll not discharge the whole,
 But stops some trifling part for toll;
 And from a public treat purloins
 A fowl, on which next day he dines.
 He claps upon his porter's back,
 Of luggage a prodigious pack;
 But, the poor fellow to requite,
 He swears he'll keep his belly light.
 If Robin finds at unawares
 A purse, he'll bellow out, "Half shares!"
 His other servants too he'll cheat
 In dealing out their daily meat.
 Thus his poor wits he misapplies,
 Poor rogues to tease and tantalize;
 While to the wise he stands confess
 No jester, but himself a jest.

T H E
B L U N D E R E R.

THE Blund'rer, like a stupid dolt,
 When the fair's over brings his colt ;
 His colt impetuous and wrong-headed,
 A proper type of him that bred it.
 Just when the Blund'rer might have known
 His friend had business of his own,
 He comes and duns him for advice
 In some affairs extremely nice ;
 And so, says he, as you're my friend,
 I'll tell 'em you from end to end.
 Just when his mistress has a fever,
 Thinking a visit would relieve her,
 Away he bids his footman go
 With compliments, to let her know

That

That he, and HARRY, and the Knight,
 And Lady FOOLING, and Miss FRIGHT,
 With two or three choice spirits more,
 Intend to dine with her at four.
 He'll tell a man that was in jail
 For having been another's bail,
 You'd much oblige—if you'd be bound;
 It's not above a hundred pound.
 Just when the sons of Nisi prius
 With noise and justice that supply us,
 Vouchsafe your cause a final hearing,
 Which he's subpœna'd to appear in,
 As soon as ever you are cast,
 In comes your evidence at last;
 Though he's at other times so quick,
 He's quite upon a fiddlestick,
 Hasty and premature, like Adam,
 To use his legs before he had 'em.
 If at a wedding he's a guest,
 He tells 'em, as a pleasant jest,
 P'faith, to venture on a woman,
 Requires more fortitude than common:

For my part, I don't vastly heed 'em,
 And I'm resolv'd to keep my freedom.
 If an acquaintance, tir'd to death
 With a long journey, pants for breath,
 He'll pull him by the sleeve, and harrafs,
 To take a walk upon the terrafs.
 He'll tell a friend, he meets, Those sheep
 I think you fold extremely cheap;
 I could have brought you sev'ral men
 That would have giv'n as much again.
 He's apt enough to let you know
 What you've been told a month ago;
 For still to be employ'd is his chief
 Ambition, though he does but mischief.
 Though what he says be kindly meant,
 He's often so impertinent,
 He'll raise a blush on beauty's cheeks;
 Your honor totters ere he speaks:
 And then he'll think perhaps, because
 He's pardon'd, that he gains applause.
 He'll take himself, in easy fashion,
 To dinner at a visitation,

Nor

Nor think he comes mal-à-propos—
 He gets a belly-full, you know.
 To one whose master had been thrashing him,
 Though he might think it wrong and rash in him,
 He only says, I well remember
 I beat my servant one December,
 When the poor devil sneak'd away,
 And hang'd himself that very day.
 Should he, by chance or inclination,
 Be present at an arbitration,
 Where persons, by each party chosen,
 Are jointly busied in composing,
 As fairly as they can, the suit,
 He'll start fresh matter of dispute,
 This Blund'rer, should he chance to see,
 Amidst a num'rous company,
 One man that does not care to show
 His face, and seems a cup too low,
 He'll drag him out into the middle,
 And tell him, If you'll dance, I'll fiddle.

T H E

OVER-OFFICIOUS MAN.

THE All-officious Over-doer
 Is an intemp'rate fulsome wooer,
 That stifles one with love, as some
 Have been by fragrance overcome.
 In shewing his affection, he'll
 Be run away with by his zeal;
 And in his friendship's heat and hurry
 He'd seize the moon and planets for ye;
 He'll rise, or lean across a table,
 To bring you proofs unanswerable,
 By which it clearly may be seen
 That red is neither blue nor green
 Should he invite you to a treat,
 He surfeits you with loads of meat;

And,

And, his great kindness to discover,
 Makes ev'ry glass he fills run over.
 If haply some dispute or fray
 Falls in this busy-body's way,
 For ever fond of interposing,
 He runs his unsagacious nose in,
 As if the quarrel were his own,
 Though to the parties quite unknown;
 And, as of meddlers 'tis the curse,
 Makes a bad matter worse and worse.
 He'll lead a traveller astray
 While he attempts to shew the way;
 For, though he don't pretend to know it,
 He would not for the world but show it.
 If he's adorn'd with sword and cockade,
 And sent abroad, th' officious blockhead
 Would ask the General which way
 He meant to march some future day.
 When Madam has retir'd at night,
 He's so prepost'rously polite,
 He runs, enquires, and seeks about,
 Resolv'd to find her husband out,

To tell him, he believes his Lady
 And Lap-dog are in bed already.
 If GALLIPOTIUS should have strictly
 Forbidden wine to one that's sickly,
 He thinks that, though he has a fever,
 He might have half a glass however.
 If he be summon'd, nothing loth,
 In court of justice to make oath,
 His deposition he'll begin
 By saying, Well, I think I've been
 An evidence some half a score,
 Or half a dozen times before.
 Hearing 'Squire LITTLEWIT, his neighbour,
 Had lost his loving spouse in labour,
 With eager haste th' officious calf
 Writes me a swinging epitaph,
 With fathers, brothers, aunts, and cousins,
 Humphreys, and Nicks, and Ralphs, by dozens;
 Down from their great forefather Hodge,
 A genealogical hodge-podge;
 Then adds,—The LITTLEWITS were ever
 Esteem'd to be prodigious clever.

T H E

T H E
A B S E N T M A N.

THIS Dreamer is, if one may so,
 What Thaïs was to be with Thrafo;
 For with his thoughts he can't agree
 To be in the same company.
 As soon as he has cast a bill up,
 And the sum total wants to fill up,
 He'll ask a man, that moment come
 Into the house, Well, what's the sum?
 Just when he should attend a cause,
 Where-e'er his truant fancy draws,
 Immers'd in devious thoughts he'll trudge,
 'Till haply by the angry judge
 He gets, through absence of the mind,
 For absence of the body fin'd.

Heedless

Heedless of SHAKESPEARE'S tragic rage,
 He nods, though GARRICK tread the stage;
 When e'en the Gods look down and weep,
 He takes a comfortable sleep,
 'Till left alone at last he snores
 Responsive to the closing doors.
 Of him 'twere not absurd to say
 He's walking in his sleep all day;
 But, ~~at~~ at mid-night he should be
 Disturb'd of rest, this Absentée
 Wou'd run into his neighbour's garden,
 Whose mastiff dog, a faithful warden,
 Gives him behind a desp'rate bite,
 By way of hint that he's not right.
 To him you never need apply
 To find what he himself laid by;
 'Tis plac'd, be sure, with choicest care,
 But then he never can tell where.
 Should he be told a friend was dead,
 He might at first hang down his head;
 But soon, bewilder'd, he would cry,
 Heav'ns! what a lucky dog am I!

If one that's in his debt should come;
 And fairly tender him the sum,
 He wo'n't receive a fingle piece
 'Till he has got some witnesses.
 He'll fet his boys to run or hop,
 And quite forget to bid 'em stop;
 But he can readily remember
 To call for fallad in December.
 He'll salt his porridge up to brine,
 Nay, e'en his herrings, and his chine;
 Torture his nose with loads of mustard,
 And all be-vinegar his custard.
 When he goes out, he seldom knows
 Whether it's fair, or rains, or snows;
 And in the darkeft night he'll wink,
 And fay, It's monftrous light, I think.
 Shou'd he be told how many wives
 Of neighbour Dick had loft their lives
 Within thefe twenty years; fays he,
 Ay—no fuch luck to you and me.

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T H E
C H U R L.

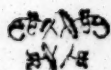
THE Churlish-man is, ev'ry where
 And ev'ry way, so great a bear,
 So cordially do all men hate him,
 That I shall here beg leave to bait him.
 Give but this churlish man the meeting,
 And with a civil kind of greeting
 Cry, How d'ye do, good Sir? and how's
 My cousin SURLIBOOTS your spouse,
 And honest Numps, and little Prue?—
 Prithee, says he, what's that to you?
 If he's behind a counter, where
 He should be complaisant, this bear
 Would keep his customers at bay,
 Or fairly growl 'em all away.

If

If you should send him, for his table;
 A present rich and seasonable,
 However welcome it may be,
 Instead of thanking you, says he,
 Ogh!—I suppose then I'm to send
 As good a thing for't, in the end.
 A jostle does not come within
 His notion of a venial sin:
 And should you touch his coat but so—
 I would not be in your's, I know.
 Should but a stone, that's in the causey
 Where he's a walking, prove so saucy
 As to resist his toe that hit it,
 He'd turn and swear enough to split it.
 Should you request a trifling loan,
 Perhaps he'd answer with a groan;
 Or, squeezing out the cash, he'd say,
 So—there's more money thrown away,
 If he expects a friend at one,
 As soon as ever the clock's gone,
 He swears he'll not be made a tool
 To wait all day for such a fool.

He's

He's ill adapted to a party
 That wishes to be free and hearty;
 Nor pleasure, nor th' inspiring bowl,
 Relax the rigor of his soul.
 And should a Lady want to dance, he
 Would mutter, Not with me, I fancy;
 Or ask a catch of such a man,
 He'll cry, Ay, catch me if you can.
 To All his churlishness is shown,
 Nor is confin'd to men alone:
 He seems t'have too much of the Quaker
 To d'off his hat before his Maker.



T H E

SUPERSTITIOUS MAN.

THE Superstitious Man, oppress'd
 With fears that rob him of his rest,
 A misdirected fearful dastard,
 Of sanctity is but the bastard.
 Suppose him of that church where laymen
 Clinch ev'ry popish lie with Amen;
 There once a week, with wife and daughter,
 He's splash'd and dash'd with holy water:
 But then his horse, more pure and clear,
 Is sprinkled only once a year.
 A pluralist in sins, he takes
 A dispensation for their sakes;
 And sottishly, in shape of wafer,
 Prays to the bread he ought to pray for.

His

His trust in Agnus Dei's fix'd is,
 As e'er MANDINGO's was in Grisgris;
 Or Tibet lords, as authors speak 'em,
 In their grand Lama's fulvum græcum.
 The smallest things, when consecrated,
 By him are very highly rated:
 For sinners *here* may be assur'd
 To be with salt, like bacon, cur'd,
 When once prepar'd the salt shall be,
 With "Creature salt, I conjure thee."
 Thus cakes can ev'ry harm, as well
 As mustard, from the nose dispell;
 Thus wax can make the devil wroth,
 And tapers finge him like a moth;
 And oil, prepar'd with like injunction,
 Straight proves the devil's extreme unction.
 He bears about with him a relique
 Possess'd of virtues quite angelic;
 Or bead, that boasts t'have been acquainted
 With some great toe of sinner fainted:
 And, should the precious toe be lost,
 (Procur'd with wond'rous zeal and cost)

The

The priest must consecrate the ground
 Where the dear bauble can't be found,
 Left, in a rage, the sacred moiety
 Should rise, and kick him for impiety.
 But, if a joint can boast a charm
 To guard its owner from all harm,
 Great sure must be the force and strength
 Of the Saint's body at full length;
 Saint Lues, we'll suppose, in pickle,
 Saint Pancacistus, or Saint Nichol.
 But, should he be of our community,
 Where all may reason with impunity;
 If, as he travels at mid-day,
 A luckless hare should cross his way,
 The Superstitious Man would be
 As scar'd and terrify'd as she;
 Nor dares, unless he has a bitch
 That's spay'd to seize her if a witch,
 To pass along 'till some one first
 With dauntless step the charm has burst,
 Or he has broke the omen's bones,
 Or knock'd it on the head with stones.

Not so the much-redoubted mayor,
 He, gowned chief, defy'd the hare;
 Resolv'd, if that way she came round,
 At all events to stand his ground.
 If daughter Kate has got a chincough,
 What med'cine does this blockhead think of?
 Why, Williams three that live together,
 No matter where, or what the weather,
 Each, sev'rally, must spread and cut her,
 And give her—what?—some bread and butter.
 A man upon a piebald horse
 Becomes a doctor for't in course;
 Or she must thrid a brier that bends,
 And grows i'th' greenfwerd at both ends,
 With "Under and above the brier,
 "And I wish to leave my chincough here."
 For agues he has various ways,
 With thousands of *et cæteras*;
 And he regards, with more devotion,
 Abracadabra than a potion:
 He trembles at a raven's screaming,
 And scarce can sleep o'nights for dreaming:

He

He rev'rences a stroling gypsy
 Like Pythian prophetess when tipsy;
 Takes necromantic tricks for sterling,
 And pins his faith on Ambrose Merlin.
 Thus sottishly to ev'ry harm
 And danger he applies a charm,
 By which, however, he invades
 The province of the tender maids;
 For charms are gen'rally confin'd
 (Too well we know) to woman-kind.



T H E
G R U M B L E R.

THE Grumbletonian, wrong or right,
 From morn to noon, from noon to night,
 Or well or ill, 'tis just the same,
 Keeps creaking like a stocking-frame.
 Having by chance a dish that's nice,
 If you shou'd send him home a slice,
 Says he, Unless he meant to slight me,
 He might have ventur'd to invite me;
 I should not quite have drank him dry,
 Nor swallow'd all his meat—not I.
 Should his dear girl such favors deign,
 As would, I own it, make me vain,
 And gently press his hand, and venture
 To own her love, this self tormentor

Her

Her utmost tenderness requites
 With, Ay, you're all such hypocrites.
 Suppose there comes a genial rain
 After a drought, this grumbling swain
 Would mutter to himself, I know
 This should have come a week ago;
 And now, by rights, it should be warmer:
 In short, he grumbles like a farmer.
 If he should find a purse, he'd say,
 Counting the cash, Alack-a-day!
 This sum would ne'er have been so small
 If I'd had any luck at all.
 When, after higgling for a year,
 He buys a horse, he'll cry, I fear
 He's founder'd, or has got the farcy,
 Or I'd ne'er bought him so, I dare say.
 If one should come and wish him joy
 Of having got a chopping boy,
 Supposing he'd be glad to learn
 Such news as this; with deep concern,
 With such intelligence ill sorting,
 He'd cry, So, there goes half my fortune!

If, to preserve him from a jail,
 His friends should join, and give him bail,
 And bid him not be so despondent,
 Nor hug his grief, and seem so fond on't,
 For, should he want, they'd give him more;
 Fine talking, says the grumbling boor,
 When debts and obligations are
 Heap'd on me more than I can bear!
 If in a court he gains his suit,
 With costs and damages to boot,
 Says he, 'Twas easy to be seen
 Not half was urg'd that might have been;
 How poorly did my Counsel plead;
 Their briefs were very brief indeed!
 The whole was carried on so ill—
 And thus continues Plaintiff still.

THE
SUSPICIOUS MAN.

THE Man of Doubts, whene'er you meet him,
 Believes you want to rob and cheat him ;
 And thus, suspicious out of measure,
 He cheats himself of ease and pleasure.
 After some cautions, and preambles,
 He ventures Richard to the shambles,
 But, soon as ever Richard's gone,
 For greater safety orders John
 To watch, and ask the butcher what
 Dick gave for ev'ry thing he bought.
 Though for his pocket one might vouch
 That it's a strong and faithful pouch,
 Yet, if he rides or walks a mile,
 Or has been fore'd to climb a stile,

He'll search it with prodigious care,
 To see if all his money's there.
 When he has int'rest paid, for fear
 It should be stopt another year,
 He gets his witnesses together ;
 But after all he's doubtless whether
 He has sufficient ground to be
 Secure of their fidelity.
 His greasy doublet is consign'd
 To any scourer that can find
 The best security, that, when
 It's clean'd, it shall be brought again.
 If he has lent a silver spoon,
 Depend upon't he'll fetch it soon ;
 For truly one's own house, says he,
 Is safest for one's property.
 He scruples trusting you a groat
 For what by accident you've bought,
 And makes you change a bill to pay
 Before you take the goods away.
 His varlet one may always see
 Walking before him; For, says he,
These

These fellows' heels are wond'rous light;
 I love to keep 'em in my fight.
 He'll take a freak into his head,
 And ask his wife, when they're in bed,
 But did not you, my dear, forget
 To lock the cellar and buffet?
 Is the door bolted? are you sure?
 And though she tells him all's secure,
 Yet up he gets, for fear of rogues,
 And gropes about to find his brogues,
 Then strikes a light, with much ado,
 And traversing his house quite through,
 The Infidel at last believes—
 Then falls asleep, and dreams of thieves.

T H E
B R U T E.

THE Brute in breeches is, in truth,
 So sordid, squalid, and uncouth,
 I could have wish'd—but he's so rude,
 And boist'rous, that he will intrude.
 His outward guise is such, it must
 Give all, except himself, disgust ;
 So shaggy and hirsute, this whorson
 You'd readily mistake for Orson ;
 And, though acquir'd by sloth, he'd swear ye
 His morphew was hereditary.
 His wig, which he attempts to spoil
 By dressing it with rancid oil,
 And greasy coat, so far from new,
 You'd think hereditary too :

In beard and breeches he might vie
 With sages of antiquity;
 And his long talons might induce us
 To think him tutor'd by Confucius:
 His teeth are such as one may swear
 Were never under BERDMORE'S care,
 And with his breath conspire to tell us
 He's one of your most foul-mouth'd fellows.
 This fellow, where he should be least,
 Is most offensive, at a feast:
 On such occasions 'twould amaze ye
 To see such want of delicacy;
 He spits about him at hap-hazard,
 And with his doublet wipes his mazard,
 His brother brutes of old could be
 Much easier humanis'd than he;
 For they would skip for joy, and caper,
 When Orpheus play'd his pipe and tabor;
 But, if with music he should fall in,
 He'd curse their catgut, and their squalling;
 The devil whistle you for me!
 What, will ye ne'er ha' done? says he;

And

And then he coughs, or claps, or rattles,
 Or any thing "to stop their twattles."
 The Brute, if he to church repairs,
 Disturbs his mother in her pray'rs;
 Or tries profanely to disgrace
 The sacred character, or place;
 Then grins and laughs at what h'as done,
 And truly thinks it *dev'lish* fun.
 Fools may be thoughtless—to blaspheme
 Was left to madmen, and to him.



T H E

T E A Z E R.

THE Teazer is a kind of ague,
 Which does not hurt so much as plague ye;
 Or like the fly nocturnal, whose
 Unarmed buz provokes your nose.
 If you would take a nap, as hoping
 No fool would then be interloping,
 He'll purposely disturb your rest,
 To tell you of some paltry jest.
 Just in the nick when he should fail,
 To catch a favorable gale,
 His humor chopping round, he begs
 To take a turn to stretch his legs.
 His very child in arms he'll teaze,
 And tear it from its nurse's knees,

And

And warm its pap, or champ his meat,
 Then spite of nature make it eat,
 Or dance, though ever so averse—
 A clumsy, masculine dry-nurse.
 If Ticklepulse has breathed a vein,
 He talks in an ungracious strain,
 And treats the company at meals
 With an account of how he feels.
 He'll ask his mother at a rout,
 Pray, Madam, when did you cry out?
 I'd give the world to know the minute,
 The instant, when I first breath'd in it.
 Instead of asking you to dine,
 Says he, I have a cask of wine,
 Which I shall tap at home in quiet,
 For, you must know, I hate a riot.
 He swears his fruit-trees are the best
 In England, and the forwardest;
 Describes to you each herb that grows,
 Or flow'r that in his garden blows;
 A dull uninteresting prater,
 Of cabbages the nomenclator.

But

But these are trifles to compare
 With what his parasite must bear;
 This poor retainer at each feast
 Is forc'd to be an humble guest,
 Set up for ev'ry fool to see,
 And star'd at like a Cherokee;
 Whom still th' eternal Teazer plies
 To cut some clever jokes, and cries,
 Come, since so jollily we're quaffing,
 Do—make us split our sides with laughing.



FRIVOLOUS COXCOMB.

THE Coxcomb of minute ambition,
From envy safe or opposition,
Picks up, to decorate his name,
The leavings of the sons of Fame.
He makes a point, where'er he goes,
Of being foremost, like his nose;
Nor can enjoy the nicest treat,
Unless he has an upper seat.
So many Black-a-moors await
The orders of this man of state,
You'd think him, at a transient glimpse,
Saint Anthony with all his imps.
A splendid shilling from the mint
For him has something pleasing in't;

And

off
 And he pays ~~off~~ th' astonished draper
 With draughts upon embroider'd paper.
 Some Bishop, or a Dean at least,
 Performs the function of the priest
 At christ'ning of his eldest boy;
 And streamers are display'd on high:
 And when the mob have drank and fed all,
 Each has a favor, or a medal.
 He gets, for sake of the parade,
 To be Militia Captain made;
 And then you'll see him all the year
 In full-trimm'd uniform appear.
 If his dear wife's dear Lap-dog dies,
 Soon on the mount is seen to rise
 An obelisk, with wreaths and roses,
 Funereal urns—funereal posies;
 And of the epitaph each line
 So vastly tasty—vastly fine!
 “ Know, reader, know, that where this ditch is,
 “ Poor Dilettanti, queen of bitches,
 “ Whom fair Chlorinda lov'd so sweet,
 “ Lies buried—underneath your feet!”

His pew is shaded thick with flags,
 Escutcheons, and embroider'd rags,
 That yield, to consecrate his folly,
 A kind of tinsel'd melancholy.
 If he's a sheriff, or a mayor,
 He rises bowing from the chair,
 With flowing wig, and point-cravat,
 All essenc'd, like a Civet-cat ;
 Tells 'em, that on that very morn
 He had the honor to be born ;
 And pleas'd recounts his merits over,
 By which they may at once discover
 What happiness must needs impend
 From such a magistrate, and friend ;
 " That vice must instant flee before
 " The radiant splendor of his pow'r,
 " That joy and bliss would now increase,
 " Swift treading on the heels of Peace :"
 Then home returning to his dear,
 With heart elate, and conscious leer,
 Well, don't be jealous though, says he,
 But half the town's in love with me.

T H E
N I G G A R D.

THE Niggard is so mean and selfish,
 He's as contracted as a shell-fish:
 He'd save a million if he had it,
 Or any thing, except his credit.
 Though stingy to excess, yet he'll
 Be sometimes shabbily genteel:
 And shou'd he make, on some occasion,
 A present out of ostentation,
 The worth's so little, it shou'd seem
 He wants to smuggle your esteem.
 Shou'd HANWAY for the poor sollicit
 So small a sum he could not miss it,
 He takes his money out, and chinks it,
 But won't give six-pence; for he thinks it

Of private cash a great abuse is
 To squander it in public uses.
 He even urges his wife Joan
 To borrow clothes to save her own,
 And, buying meat and herbs, bestows 'em,
 He's so illib'ral, in his bosom.
 In his own house he cooks so little
 Provisions, it's a kind of spital;
 And all the lab'ers that he hires
 Look like a pack of Minim friars :
 And though a smartish treat he gets ye
 At christ'ning of his daughter Betsey,
 Yet, when ye've din'd, he sets it by,
 And watches it so narrowly,
 That honest Sternhold, though *full empty*,
 And eke *full loth*, amid such plenty,
 Just tastes the beef and good October ;
 And e'en the nurse herself keeps sober.
 In clothes the Niggard is so mean,
 That when his doublet's sent to clean,
 Having no other fit to wear,
 He sits and shivers in his chair.

His

His feeling's lost in parsimony;
 For, should he 'spy a quondam crony
 Unhappily reduc'd of late
 To indigence by adverse fate,
 Lest the poor wretch shou'd find him out,
 And beg an alms, he shifts about,
 And scampers home, where, between friends,
 His charity begins—and ends.
 He thinks the fashion much too dear
 Of hiring servants by the year,
 But gets a temporary lout
 When on grand visits he goes out.
 He'll rise betimes, with drowsy head,
 And sweep the rooms, and make the bed:
 Then, squatting on the floor, he stiches,
 'Till he has piec'd his injur'd breeches,
 Which, torn in some unlucky scrape,
 For speedy reparation gape;
 Like Tristram's, when his long-ear'd friend,
 Though far from wishing to offend,
 With sudden start, and stubborn ozier,
 Broke down his femoral inclosure.

T H E
B O A S T E R.

THE Braggadocio seeks occasion
 His own accomplishments to blazon;
 His wealth, his honors, pow'r, and state,
 And high connections with the Great.
 Fine gifts!—but if you come to try 'em,
 He's not a better man than I am.
 Hov'ring about a port, he'll 'spy,
 As if attempting to descry
 His merchantmen, so long expected,
 And seem prodigiously dejected;
 Bless me! these ships of mine, I fear,
 Are gone, says he, the Lord knows where:
 Here I'm advis'd, they touch'd at Cork
 The first of August, from New York:

Ten

Ten thousand pounds at stake, says he;
 But that's no mighty sum to me.
 For riches this egregious Puffer,
 Besides the cash that's in his coffer,
 Pretends to be extremely deep
 In Bank, and India bonds, and Scrip;
 And thus, without defrauding any,
 He'll raise at once a large revenue
 On public credit, though his own
 Would never fetch a cherry-stone.
 Says he, There's not a man alive
 I'm more familiar with than CLIVE:
 I back'd him there against the Nabob;
 Says I, We'll fight him; sha'n't we, ha Bob?
 And then he'll puff away, and swagger,
 Of gun, and bayonet, and dagger;
 You'd fancy he could fight and kill ye on
 Like any Capaneus, or Grillon.
 He swears your artisans of Asia
 Beat ours so much, it wou'd amaze ye;
 And he proposes, for that reason,
 To furnish, by the summer season,

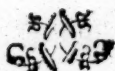
His house, or dining-room at least,
 Entirely in the eastern taste.
 Then presently he hems, and says,
 So my friend PIR's return'd to Hayes :
 He writes me word here he's much better—
 Where can I have mislaid the letter ?
 Faith! now I talk of Mr. PIR,
 I've not return'd an answer yet
 About the *place*, which I shall chuse
 For fear of envy to refuse :
 Not ev'ry one, you know, can tell
 That I deserv'd the place so well :
 There's Baron SCARCEFIELD, that was pension'd
 By ministers—that sha'n't be mention'd ;
 One could not have repin'd, provided
 The Baron had deserv'd as I did ;
 For what, says he, with raising forces,
 And finding national resources,
 I think I've paid, I needs must own,
 For ev'ry favor they have shown.
 Next his own charity he'll boast,
 Which still is least, when talk'd of most :

That

That scarcity of grain, you know,
 Some four-and-twenty years ago,
 Cost me—perhaps you would have wonder'd
 How it could lie me in five hundred:
 What if I'm worth a thousand pound less?
 I say, let charity be boundless.
 If he pretends to want some clothes,
 Or hunters, he applies to those
 Who serve the great, determin'd not
 To like whatever they have got:
 They're all too paltry; but, what's worse,
 His servant has forgot his purse;
 Those bills and cash, says he, you blockhead!
 Why ar'n't they always in your pocket?
 To strangers he's politely forward
 To shew his house that's only borrow'd,
 Though all his ancestors, he'll swear,
 For cent'ries have resided there:
 The box is well enough, says he,
 But it can't hold my company:
 Why, now to-night I have a rout,
 And we shall scarce have room, I doubt:

Here'll

Here'll be the Marchioness of BLOUZE,
 And Lady BLAMEABLE and Spouse,
 And Lady TWODD, and Lady SQUAW,
 The Count and Madam DE LA FLAW,
 The Sieur DE CARNIVAL and Lady,
 And the great fighting Laird of PLAIDY,
 And my old friend the Poet CLOUDHEAD—
 Yes, yes, this house is often crouded;
 And so next summer I design
 To give it to a friend of mine;
 And then I'll buy his Grace's there,
 For that would suit me to a hair.



T H E
P R O U D M A N.

THE Man of Pride may thank the lightness
 Of empty skull for his uprightness;
 For hence he's buoy'd aloft in air,
 And swells in rarer atmosphere.
 Should you adventure to address,
 On business, his High Mightiness,
 However urgent your affair,
 He'll answer with a scornful air,
 Don't speak abruptly, Sir, to me:
 Well, you shall have access at three.
 He conjures up again the ghosts
 Of benefits conferr'd, and boasts
 Of his vast kindness without end,
 If ever he has been your friend;

Careless

Careless how much his vaunting hurts you,
 Or before whom he disconcerts you :
 And, should you once complain, he'd hector
 And bully like my Lord Protector.
 He'll visit no man first, not he ;
 And if, to quit the courtesy,
 He deigns your visit to repay,
 'Tis never in familiar way ;
 But his approach is, by a swarm
 Of puppies—notify'd in form.
 When tradesmen have been forc'd to wait
 Whole hours upon this man of state,
 He sends 'em word to come again,
 Though he's as much at leisure then ;
 Or, if he's very kind, deposes
 His man to go and pay the brutes.
 Sometimes, incapable of shame,
 He serves his very guests the same,
 And, kept close pris'ner by his pride,
 Sends his Led Captain to preside.
 His folly, with his pride united,
 Makes him so ign'rant and short-sighted,

That

That, meeting his companions, those
 Whom he knows best he scarcely knows:
 Nor is this strange; for how can he
 At such a distance clearly see,
 Who, from an high fastidious brow,
 Looks down upon the world below?
 Such farce of state he can arrive at
 As oftentimes to dine in private,
 Because, says he, there is no bearing
 At meals those vulgar people's staring.
 Then for his usual style of letters,
 He'll not indite 'em like his betters,
 With "Do myself the honor, Sir—
 "The greatest favor you'd confer;"
 And then half down the page they'll tumble,
 With, Your oblig'd—obedient—humble—
 But this Bashaw, with pride elate,
 Writes like a minister of state;
 Commands as if you were his slave,
 And signs it, "Your's, as you behave."

T H E

T H E
C O W A R D.

THE Coward ev'ry danger feels,
 And flies imaginary ills;
 He shrinks into himself for fear,
 But finds no consolation there.
 If, forc'd by sad necessity,
 The Coward ventures out to sea,
 Shou'd he some distant cape espy,
 He's like a tortoise in a toy;
 And swears he clearly can discover
 That it's a monstrous Sallee rover.
 With every squall, howe'er directed,
 No streamer could be more affected;
 He kens a tempest just arising,
 And falls at once to scrutinising,

Left

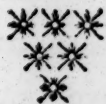
Left any atheist in the crew,
 Or Jesuit, shou'd lie perdu ;
 He'll ask 'em, if a mast but crackle,
 Have we sea-room? and how's the tackle?
 Says he'd a dreadful dream last night ;
 And, quite desponding through his fright,
 To swim he presently gets ready,
 And gives his breeches to Jack Steady,
 Begging for Heav'n's sake they would steer,
 And set him but on shore somewhere.
 If he's oblig'd to march by land,
 He stops, and makes his comrades stand,
 And, pointing to a clump of trees,
 Asks if they're Friends, or Enemies :
 But how much greater his distraction,
 When he comes near the field of action,
 And hears the drums and cannons rumble,
 And thinks he sees the people tumble!
 Then, saying he'll be with them soon,
 He scampers back for his sponton,
 Which in his haste, and fume, and fret,
 He had remember'd to forget:

Then

Then in his tent he seeks about
 To find the snuggest corner out,
 Where it may lie so out o'th' way,
 That he mayn't find it all the day;
 Or pulls his pistol from the holster,
 And strives to loose it in his bolster.
 While he's thus busy'd, he'll dispatch
 His boy, to keep upon the watch;
 And seeing, luckily for him,
 A wounded man in th' interim,
 Brought from the battle by his friends,
 Him he immediately attends,
 And lint and bandages applies,
 And manfully repels the flies,
 Bidding the wounded man take heart,
 Since fear would but increase his smart,
 And nothing is more base, or forrier,
 Than such despondence in a warrior:
 Then, when the drums the Coward hears,
 Though for himself he chiefly fears,
 He cries, Confound your noise and riot!
 Can't ye let wounded men lie quiet?

Such

Such is his valour in the wars;
 And, to supply the place of scars,
 Sprinkling the blood about his clothes,
 Which trickled from his patient's nose:
 Panting for breath, he meets at night
 The troops returning from the fight:
 What valour now, says he, I've shown!
 I—that have rescu'd, all alone,
 From underneath their very guns,
 Poor Captain CUTT of Barrington's:
 Heroes of old like me behav'd,
 Tending on those their valour sav'd.
 So here he stays, persuaded still
 That we had better cure than kill.



T H E

SELF-SUFFICIENT GRANDEE.

THIS volunteer of state is willing
 To govern us without a shilling;
 Nay, e'en applies his wisdom to it,
 Though not so much as ask'd to do it.
 He's willing, for his country's sake,
 Her highest trusts to undertake;
 And only wishes he might go
 In character of Plenipo
 To settle matters; for, says he,
 Such things require a man like me.
 He quotes a poet, that has said
 One body shou'd have but one head;
 Which HOBBS exemplifies in his
 Leviathan, I think it is.

He's

He's ever forward to detest
 And curse the many-headed beast;
 And thinks that, to support the crown,
 Heads shou'd be chosen like his own.
 He sits on thorns, and sweats for fear
 His Lordship, to some vulgar ear,
 Of state affairs shou'd drop one word,
 Because, says he, that vulgar herd
 Such kind of knowledge always drive at;
 So it behoves *us* to be private.
 If he shou'd take offence at one
 Too high to be look'd down upon;
 I find, says he, that two so great
 Want elbow-room in such a state.
 Then, to distinguish him the more
 From dirty scoundrels that are poor,
 He sticks a feather in his bonnet,
 And highly plumes himself upon it,
 And seems ambitious to express
 His great importance by his dress;
 And if, regardless of his clothes,
 The people croud him as he goes,

He wishes he cou'd once get down,
 And leave th' abominable town,
 The mob does so pollute the air—
 But then this ministry affair.
 If one of this plebeian sort
 Be near him at a public court,
 A poor lank wretch among the croud,
 Indignant, he demands aloud,
 How dares that starveling rascal come
 'Mongst us—to take up so much room!
 Death cannot more detest the names
 Of SUTTON, or of Doctor JAMES,
 Or Quaker execrate a steeple,
 Than he those odious common-people.
 He's quite indignant if the laws
 Support a dirty peasant's cause;
 And, thinking all the poor are knaves,
 He swears they're only fit for slaves;
 That Magna Charta was the devil,
 For putting men upon a level;
 No order has been heard of since—
 But John was such a dastard prince!

Had

Had I been in his place, says he,
 I think all Europe will agree
 That things wou'd never have been thus,
 My fame is so *notorious*.

Such is his senseless declamation
 Amidst a free and gen'rous nation,
 Where principles like these the throne
 And subjects equally disown.

Far other soils than this wou'd suit
 The planters of such bitter fruit ;
 For plants imperious and despotic
 In Britain's climate are exotic ;
 And, force 'em as you will, yet there
 They never can be *brought to bear*.



THE
DOTARD AT SCHOOL.

THE Dotard is an ancient dull boy,
 That turns himself into a school-boy;
 And, though an ounce of good discerning
 Is better than a pound of learning,
 Bungles at Amo, though he ne'er
 Can reach Amari, one may swear.
 Despising porter and mundungus,
 He turns gallant, like cousin Fungus;
 And, this important mark to hit,
 Charges himself with scraps of wit,
 To be let off in proper time,
 But, wanting a sufficient prime,
 Stops short—and, do whate'er he can,
 It only flashes in the pan.

His

His eldest son, a sprightly youth,
 Must teach him how to fence, forsooth !
 His next ambition is to shoot
 A dead mark, half a hundred foot ;
 And his instructions in this point lie
 Between the groom and keeper jointly ;
 While manfully he slays the slain,
 That is his scarecrows, o'er again.
 Then he must learn to ride in course,
 And ventures soon upon a horse,
 When, as he meets a cousin's spouse,
 Aiming at one of his new bows,
 He falls—though luckily the lead,
 That brought it down, defends his head.
 However, in his own conceit,
 He soon believes himself complete ;
 Thinks he can even trill, and scream ye,
 Better than Signior GARGLENIMI ;
 And the quite wrong position shows
 Of Monsieur CAPRILLON's great toes.
 Though both in mind and body weak,
 Yet he's as antic as antique ;

In splay-foot minuets advances,
 Or ramps about in country dances—
 Alas, poor Dotard! by what Plea
 Can'st thou defend such foolery?
 For in this Case, (and this is meant
 To be a standing Precedent)
 To whatsoe'er you may impute it,
 ART versus NATURE is *non-suited*.



THE S L A N D E R E R.

THE Sland'rer is the worst of Vandals,
 That, arm'd with malice, lyes, and scandals,
 Heav'n's fairest image, and each trace
 Of fame and merit, would deface.
 Suppose you ask him, Don't you know
 The person that did so and so?
 Know him! says he, ay, what should hinder it?
 Both him and all his lousy kindred:
 His father, first of all, was bred
 A waiter at the Bedford-head:
 And then his name was Jerry Cann;
 But when he thought himself a man,
 Faith, Sir, he ran away, and chose
 To lift himself, and somehow rose,
 Till presently a fufs was made
 With—who but Captain CANNONADE!

This

This famous captain, Sir, for fear
 His noble house should want an heir,
 Resolves to marry, and affairs
 A shentlewoman of South Wales;
 She was indeed a shentlewoman,
 Such as in ev'ry land is common;
 And so this blessed match brought out
 That hang-dog that you ask'd about,
 Though, from his mother's fame, it's rather
 A doubt who was his real father.
 The Sland'rer always minds his cue;
 That is, supposing I or you
 Should casually be led to blame
 Some one he only knows by name,
 Says he, You are extremely right;
 I cannot bear that fellow's fight:
 See his phiz once, you'd ne'er forget it,
 So gallows-mark'd it is; and yet it
 In one sense is an honest phiz,
 It tells you truly what he is:
 That wretch, believe me, scarce allows
 Bare necessaries to his spouse—

And

And thus, to find detraction fuel,
 The husband is severe and cruel ;
 But, if the wife he choose to fix on,
 She's such a shrew, and such a vixen,
 She'll make him soon, though e'er so stout,
 Pull in his horns—or put 'em out.
 For reasons which he has, and those
 Prudential ones, as we'll suppose,
 He'll not abuse you to your face ;
 But he's so cowardly, and base,
 Your reputation he'll attack
 The moment you have turn'd your back.
 No pest, or malady, can be
 More epidemical than he ;
 For his malevolence extends
 To his relations and best friends ;
 Nay, e'en the dead escape not—whom
 Invading in the peaceful tomb,
 He seems profanely to determine
 To share the prey with kindred vermin.

END OF THE CHARACTERS.



A P P E N D I X.

N O T E S

O N

THE FOREGOING CHARACTERS.

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- 8 *MA'moiselles.*]—A general name for foreign milleners, supported and encouraged at the expence of the gallantry, justice, and interest, of this nation.
- 11 *Culimite.*]—A scandalous sort of heretic, something similar to the Methodists, or Moravians.
- 21 *Mereposer.*]—A scarce Indian bird, of a beautiful ash colour, with a blue breast.

Common

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25

34

51

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25 *Common barrettry.*—Is the offence of frequently exciting and stirring up suits and quarrels between his Majesty's subjects, either at law or otherwise.—Blackstone's Com. vol. iv. p. 133.

34 *Fabius.*—Count Daun was entitled the Austrian Fabius, from his defensive measures.

51 —————like Adam,
To use his legs before he had 'em.

The Mahometan Doctors tell us, that when the breath of life was breathed into Adam's nostrils, before it had reached his legs, he attempted to move, and by that means got a desperate fall.—Sale's Koran, chap. xvii. note *m*.

57 *Tbraso.*—The *meer* English reader may be glad of a reference to the instruction to Thaïs, here alluded to.

“ Be with yon Soldier present, as if absent.”

Colman's Terence, p. 122.

62 *Too much of the Quaker.*—Alluding to an indefensible custom in a people, in some respects of acknowledged merit.

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63 *His horse.*—The horses, &c. at Rome, are annually sprinkled with holy water.—See Middleton's Works, vol. iii. p. 73.

64 *As e'er Mandingo's was in Grisgris ;
Or Tibet lords, &c.*

Jobson and other travellers describe the Grisgris, or amulets, of the Mandingo and other blacks, as nearly resembling the Romish sacramentals.—For the Tibet superstition, see Gueber's Letters, p. 2 and 23, and Tavernier's Travels, vol. ii. p. 184. This short trip from Rome, by Africa, into Asia, is merely intended as a hint, that similar idolatries will be attended by similar superstitions.

Ibid. *Creature Salt.*—The proper formula begins thus: "Conjuro te creatura falis, " &c." The later Pontif. have it, "Exorciso te, &c."—A liberty has been taken, in point of accent, with the principal word of this spell.

64. And

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64. *And oil.*—“ Iſti oleum non dignantur
 “ niſi ab Epifcopo conſecratum: hoc eſt,
 “ multo halitu calefactum, multo murmure
 “ incantatum, & novies flexo genu ſaluta-
 “ tum: ter, Ave ſanctum oleum; ter, Ave
 “ ſanctum chriſma; ter, Ave ſanctum bal-
 “ ſamum. A quo tales exorcifmos haufe-
 “ runt?”—Calvin’s Inſtit. book iv. ch. xix.
 ſect. 18.—See alſo Dr. More’s Myſtery of
 Iniquity, book i. chap. xviii. & *paſſim*.
- 65 *Saint Nichol.*—“ If they meet not St.
 “ Nicholas’s clerks, I’ll give thee this
 “ neck.”—Hen. iv. part i. act ii. ſcene ii.—
 The name is derived from *old Nick*,
 which, in Saxon, ſignified this ſaint.
- 80 *Saint Anthony.*—See the celebrated pic-
 ture of the temptation of St. Anthony, by
 Callot.
- 87 *Capaneus.*—One of the ſeven captains
 againſt Thebes.

87. *Gril-*

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87 *Grillon.*]—Colonel of the guards to
Hen. III. and IV. of France.—See Sully's
Memoirs, *passim*.

98 *Leviathan.*]—The frontispiece to this
work is a crowned head, set upon a body
composed of multitudes of people.

THE END.



